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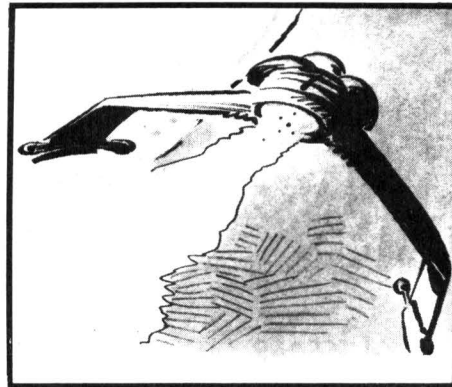
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STAR TREK

MAD SUPER SPECIAL #83



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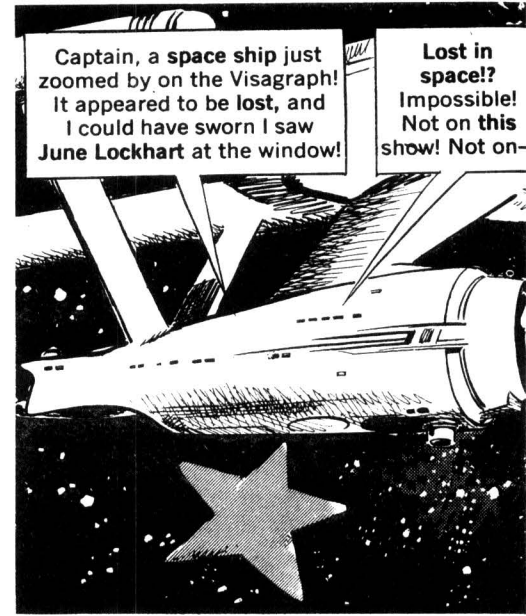
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"THESE ARE THE VOYAGES OF THE STAR-SHIP 'BOOBY-PRIZE'! ITS MISSION, TO EXPLORE STRANG



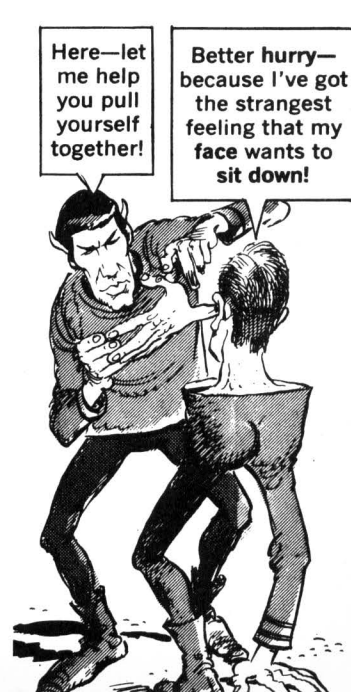
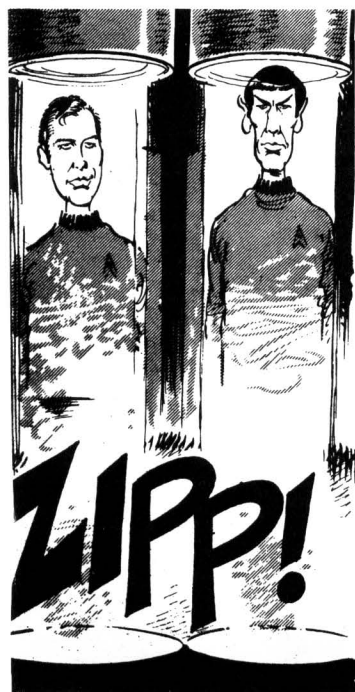
WASTE OF SPACE DEPT.

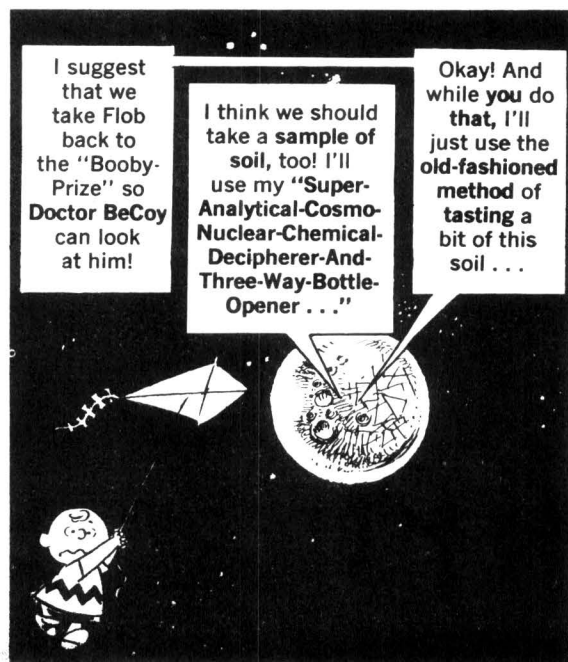
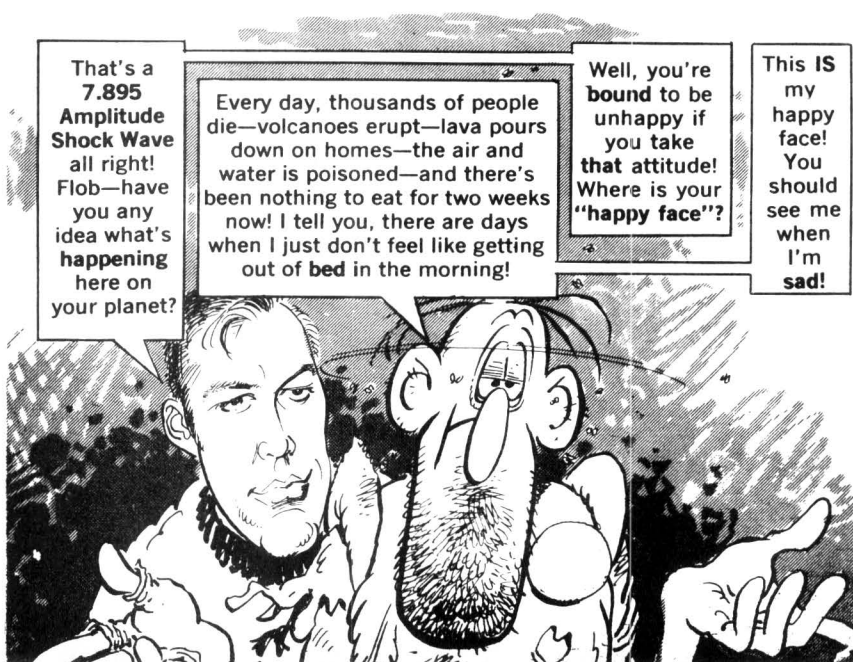
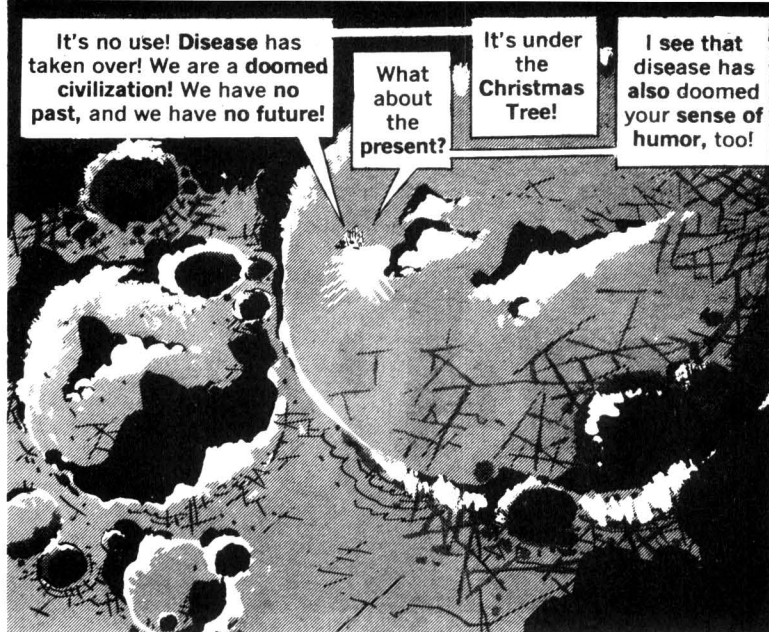
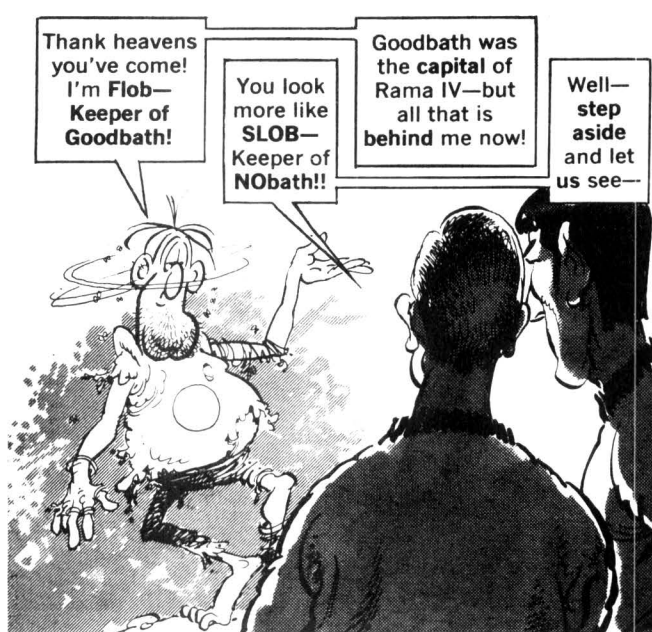
STAR BLECCH

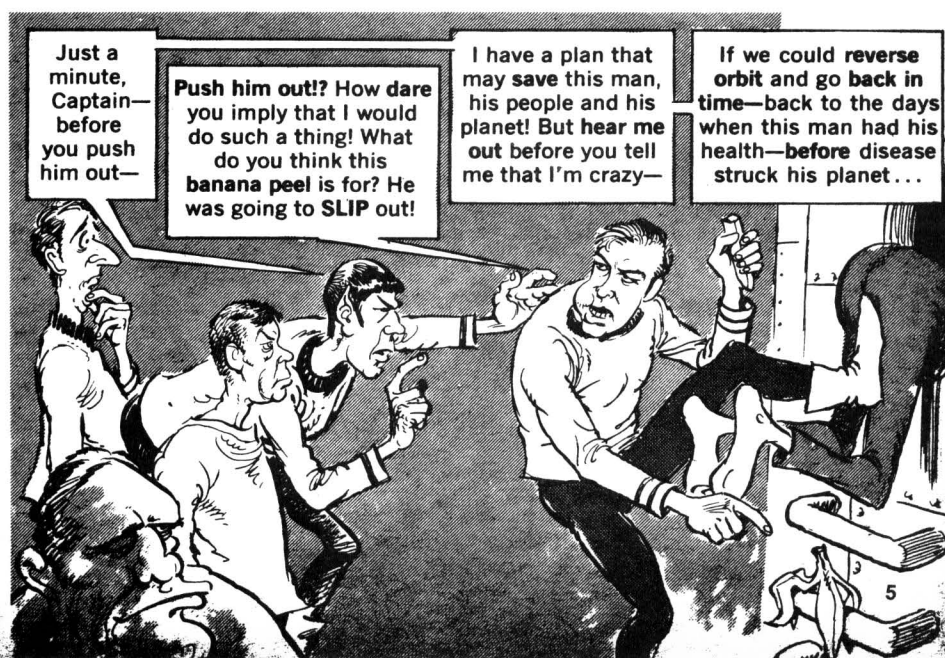
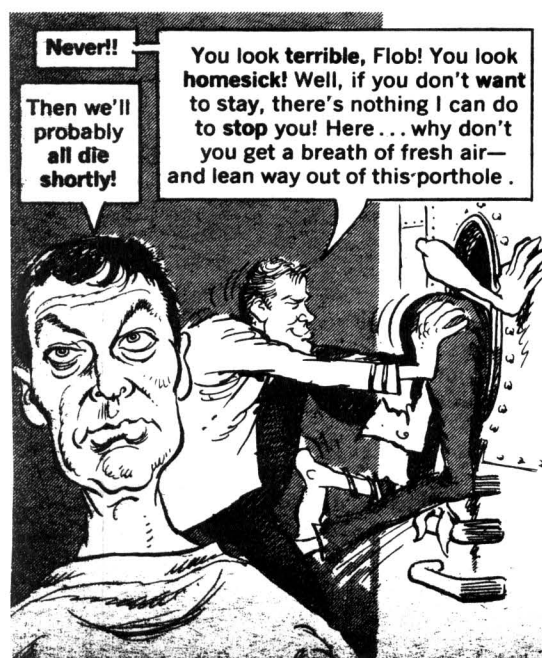
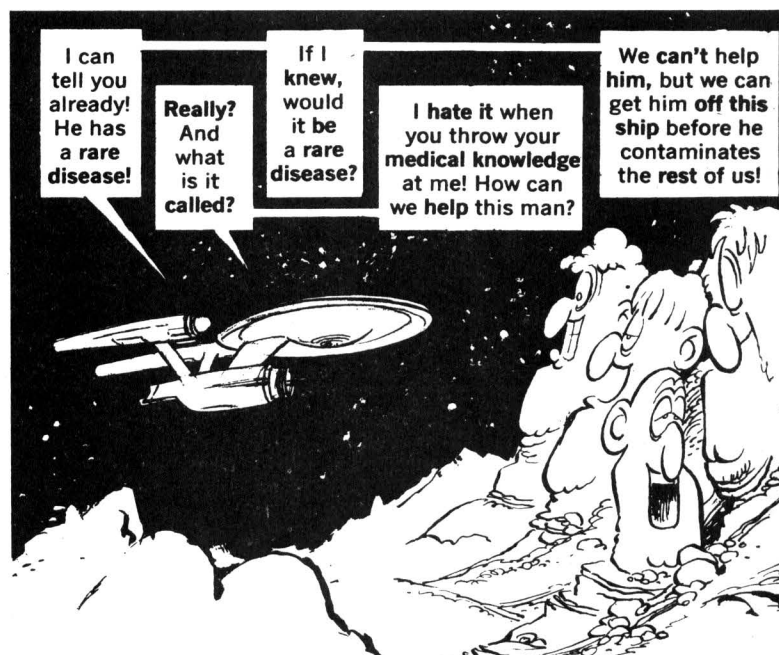
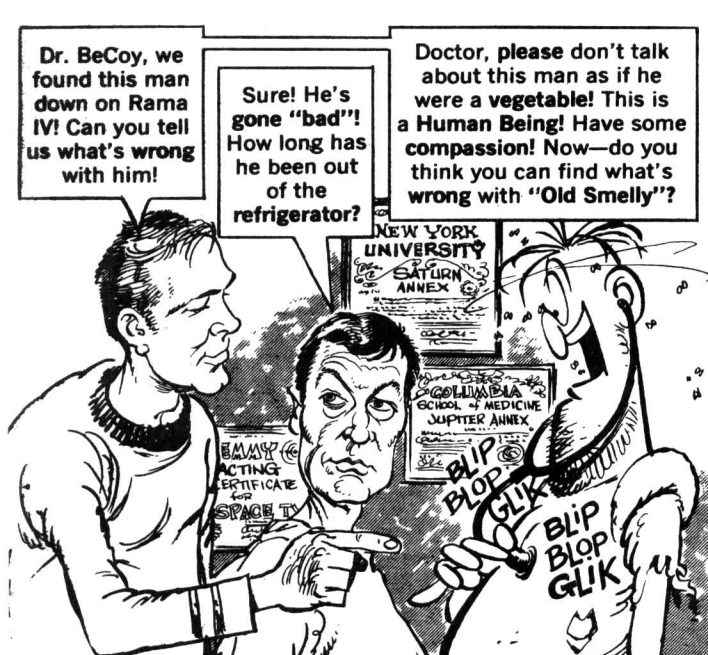
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

NEW WORLDS, TO SEEK OUT NEW LIFE, AND TO BOLDLY GO WHERE NO MAN HAS EVER GONE BEFORE!"







... and if we then beamed him down to his healthy people, he could warn them of the coming catastrophe! They could leave the planet and re-settle elsewhere! We could change their future!!

Are you finished?

Yes!

You're crazy!

That's what your **MIND** says! What does your **HEART** say?

All right! We'll give it a try! **Emergency stations, everyone!**

Take over, Mr. Spook! If you need me, I'll be in the bathroom!

In the bathroom? I don't believe my ears!

I don't believe your ears, either, Mr. Spook!

This is going to be a tricky maneuver, crew, so **pay attention!** Okay—reduce the atomic flow—increase the retro power—decrease the decibel level—accentuate the positive—eliminate the negative—clear the decks—light the lights—we've got nothing to hit but the heights...

It's working, Captain! We're going back in time! We're back a week, already! Your clothes—that just came back from the laundry! See—they're dirty and stained again!

And Flob is getting younger! But—phew! he's not getting any cleaner!

We're approaching the time when all was well on your planet, Flob, so get ready to "De-Scan" and go back to your people!

Captain, I can't find enough words to thank you!

Do you think maybe you can find a little cash?

Into the Descanner, Flob! This is your departure point!

Well, he's gone—and we've saved another civilization from doom!

You could've given him a few more seconds to go through his wallet!

Captain! I can't pull the ship out of its reverse orbit! The handle's stuck!

Oops! Now it's just broken!

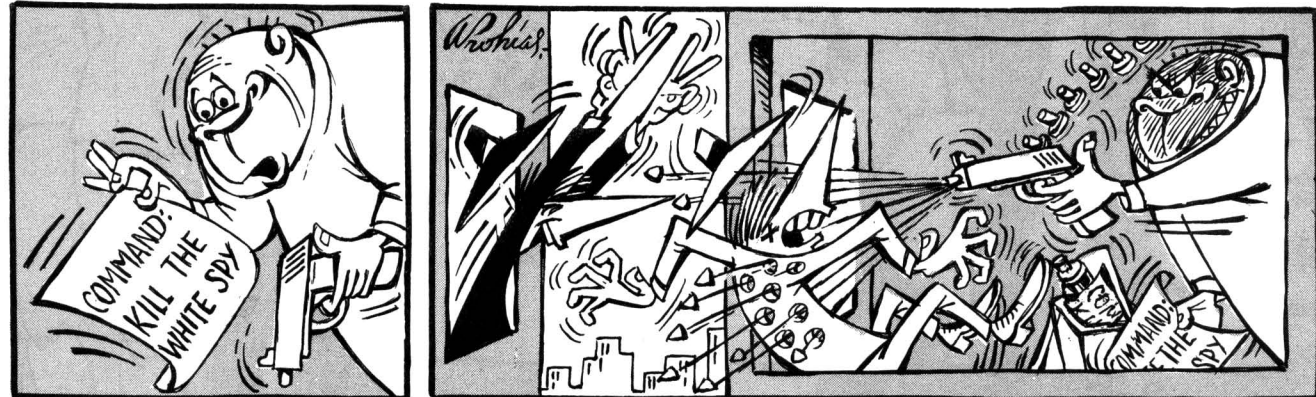
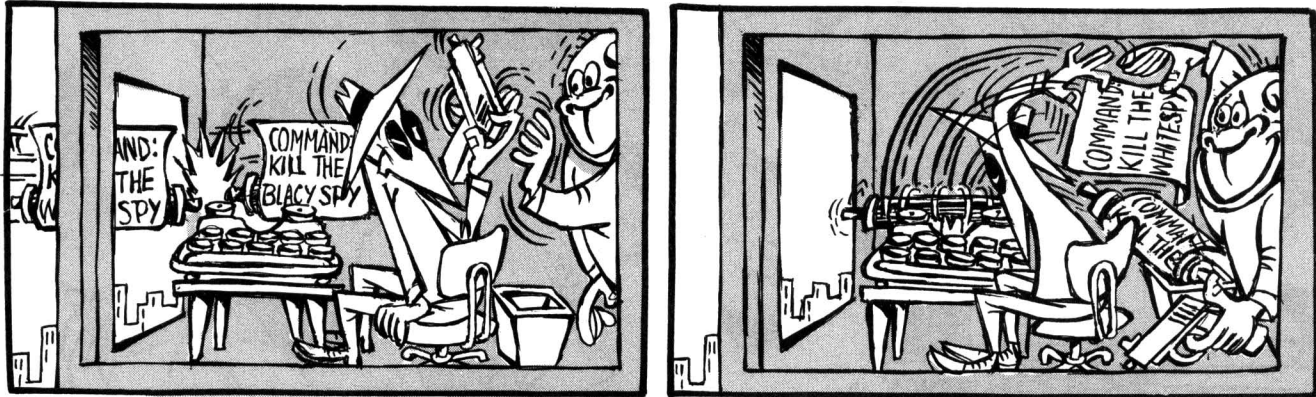
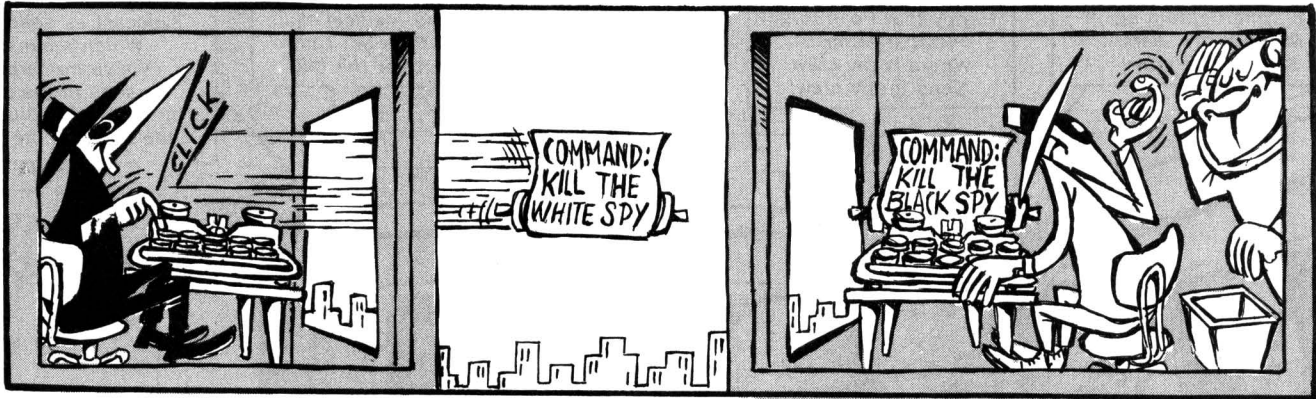
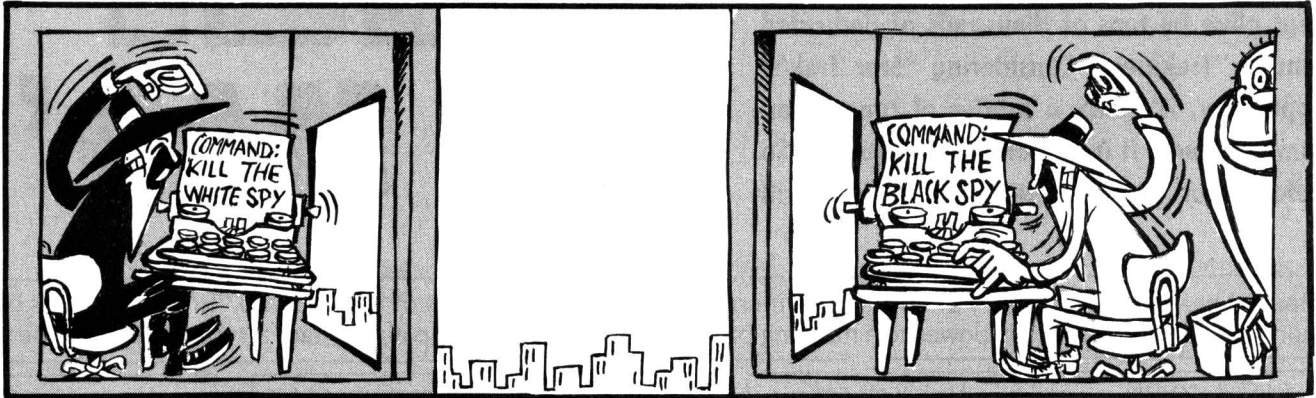
Well, don't panic! Do you hear me? **DON'T PANIC...** #\$\$%&*''@!! **I WILL NOT TOLERATE PANIC!**

We're doomed, Captain! We're going to travel back in time and crash in the Pre-Historic Ages... when Man was savage and bloodthirsty and cruel!

You mean...

Yes—we're headed for 1967!!

SPY VS SPY





That
#%*!
skunk
Quirk
just
fired
on us!

That's **nothing!**
I just learned
we didn't have
a **home-cooked
meal** on the
Boobyprize! It
was **"take-out"!**

They have
one helluva
**delivery
service!**
Domino's can't
guarantee
delivery of our
pizza in **30 years!**

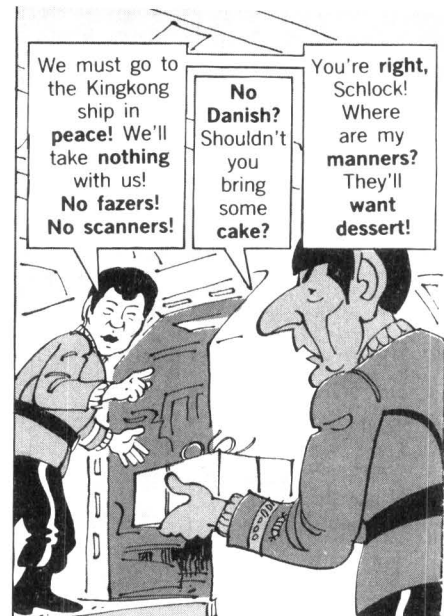


The Kingkong
ship will
fire back
at us,
Captain!
Shall I
**raise the
shields?**

**Naw, let's
surrender!**

Surrender?
Without
a
fight?
Why??

I'd like to
get off the
Boobyprize
to **stretch
my legs!**
Besides,
they owe
us a **meal!**



We must go to
the Kingkong
ship in
peace! We'll
take **nothing**
with us!
No fazers!
No scanners!

**No
Danish?**
Shouldn't
you
bring
some
cake?

You're **right,**
Schlock!
Where
are my
manners?
They'll
**want
dessert!**



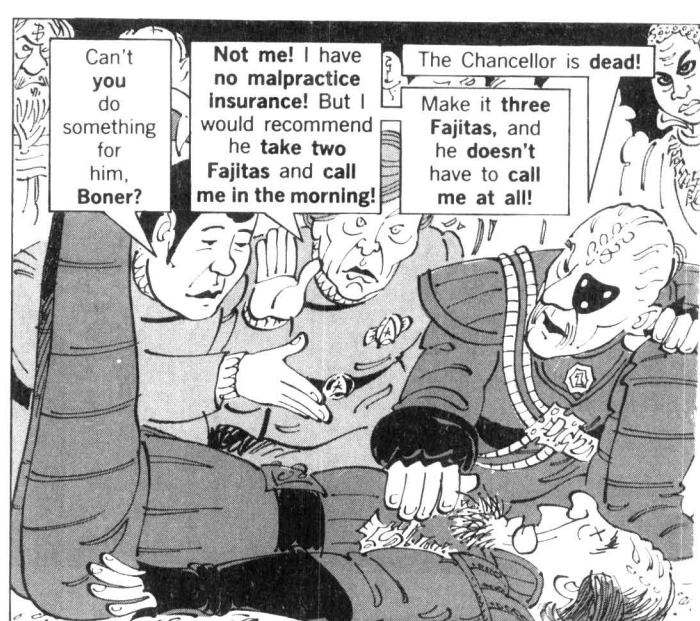
The
Chancellor
has been
very
**seriously
wounded!**

Don't
you
have a
**surgeon
on
board?**

But
of
course,
we
do!

Then **why**
isn't he
working
to **save
him?**

Because
the
Chancellor
has **no
medical
insurance!**



Can't
you
do
something
for
him,
Boner?

Not me! I have
**no malpractice
insurance!** But I
would recommend
he **take two
Fajitas** and **call
me in the morning!**

The Chancellor is **dead!**
Make it **three
Fajitas,** and
he **doesn't**
have to **call
me at all!**



The **assassins**
that came aboard
our ship
were **wearing
magnetic boots!**

How
do you
know
that,
Clang?

They were able to
walk on the ceiling!
How could they
do that **without**
wearing magnetic boots?

**Reebok
Pumps**
filled
with
helium?



**Captain Quirk!
Boner McGoy!**
You are here to
stand trial for
the assassination of
Chancellor Gerkin!
But be **assured** that
this will be a **fair
and impartial trial!**

We
find
the
Captain
and
his
crew
guilty!

I thought
this was
going to
be a
**fair
and
impartial
trial!**

Did I
forget to
mention
FAST?
Above all,
it will
be a **FAST
trial!**

ON TREKIN' "STAR TREK" MUSICAL

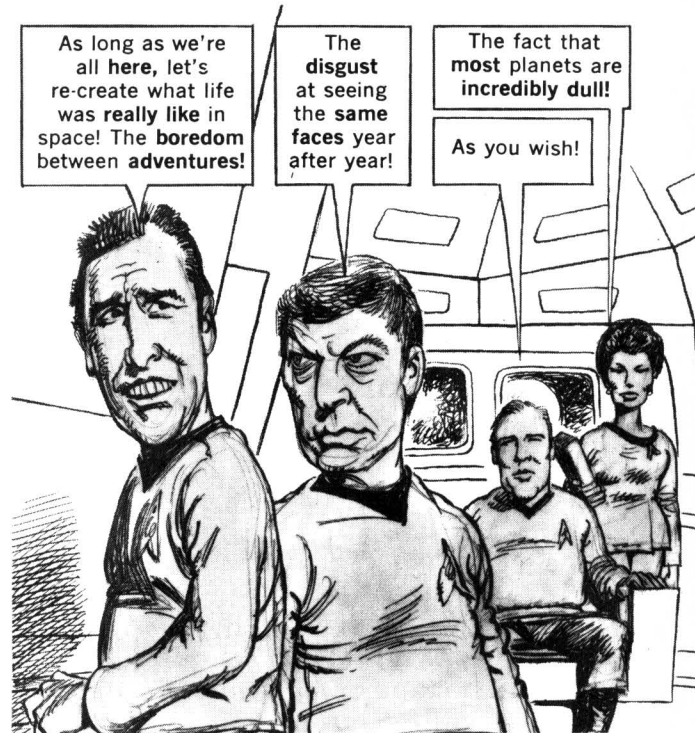


Schlock, doesn't being back here fill you with nostalgia?

You *forget*, Captain Quirk, that **Vulcans** are unemotional, and that if I *were* nostalgic, I would be **showing emotion**! However, being here **DOES** fill me with a sense of awe!

That once we all roamed through the **frontiers of space** in this ship?

No . . . that I've **bombed out** in every role since I took off these ears!



As long as we're all **here**, let's re-create what life was really like in space! The **boredom** between adventures!

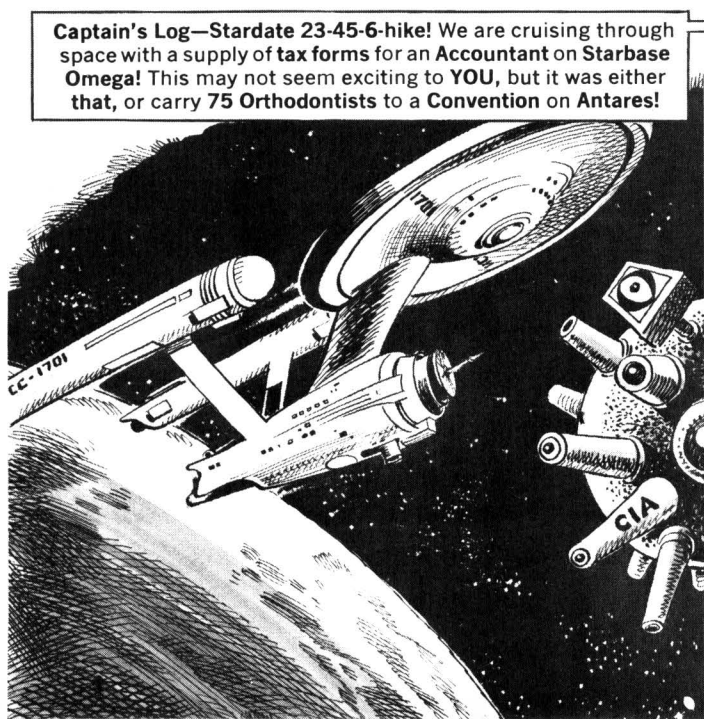
The **disgust** at seeing the same **faces** year after year!

The fact that **most planets** are **incredibly dull**!

As you wish!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



Captain's Log—Stardate 23-45-6-hike! We are cruising through space with a supply of **tax forms** for an **Accountant** on **Starbase Omega**! This may not seem exciting to **YOU**, but it was either that, or carry **75 Orthodontists** to a **Convention** on **Antares**!



Look sharp, Mr. **Sumu**! Level off at **Warp Five** . . . and keep a **steady course**!

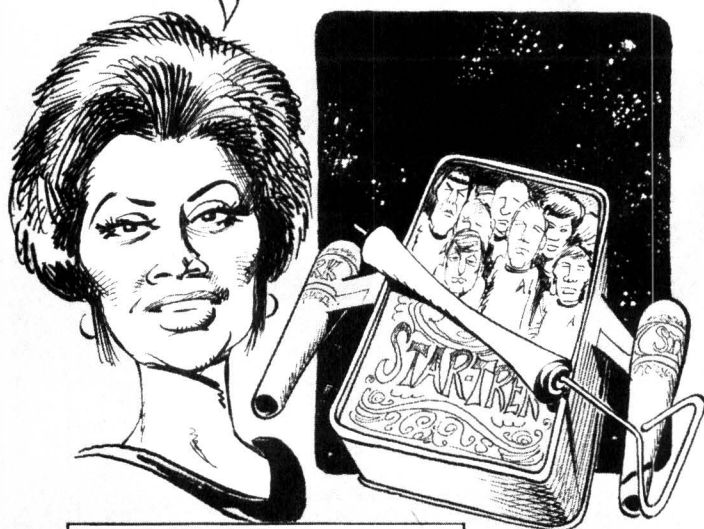
Listen to the way he **orders** us around! He's **POWER-MAD**!

And keep an **eye** out for the **Great White Whale**!

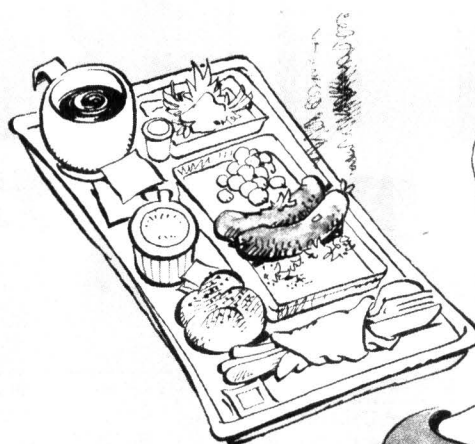
Not to mention **CRAZY**!

Let's **face** it! Space is a **DRAW** . . .

*What do you get when you fly through space?
You're locked in a ship and don't feel human,
Cooped up in space with smelly crewmen—
I-I'll...never fly through space again-n-n—
I'll never fly through space again!



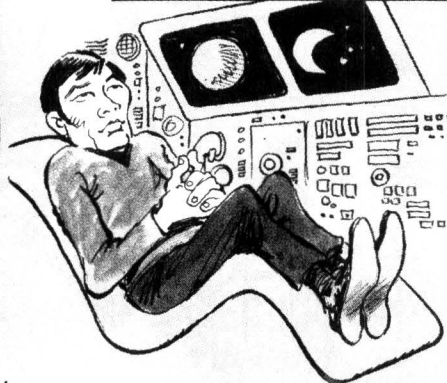
What do you eat when you fly through space?
Those heat-n-serve meals from Starbase Alpha,
Tasting like hunks of dried alfalfa—
I-I'll...never fly through space again-n-n—
I'll never fly through space again!



I'd rather join the un-em-plied
Than cir-cle some stu-pid ast-er-oid!
Watchin' some stupid planet dyin'
Somewhere out there in East Orion!



What do you do when you fly through space?
You twiddle your thumbs and you count the hours;
Then when you're through, you take cold showers—
I-I'll...never fly through space again-n-n—
I'll never fly through space again!



*Sung to the tune of "I'll Never Fall In Love Again"

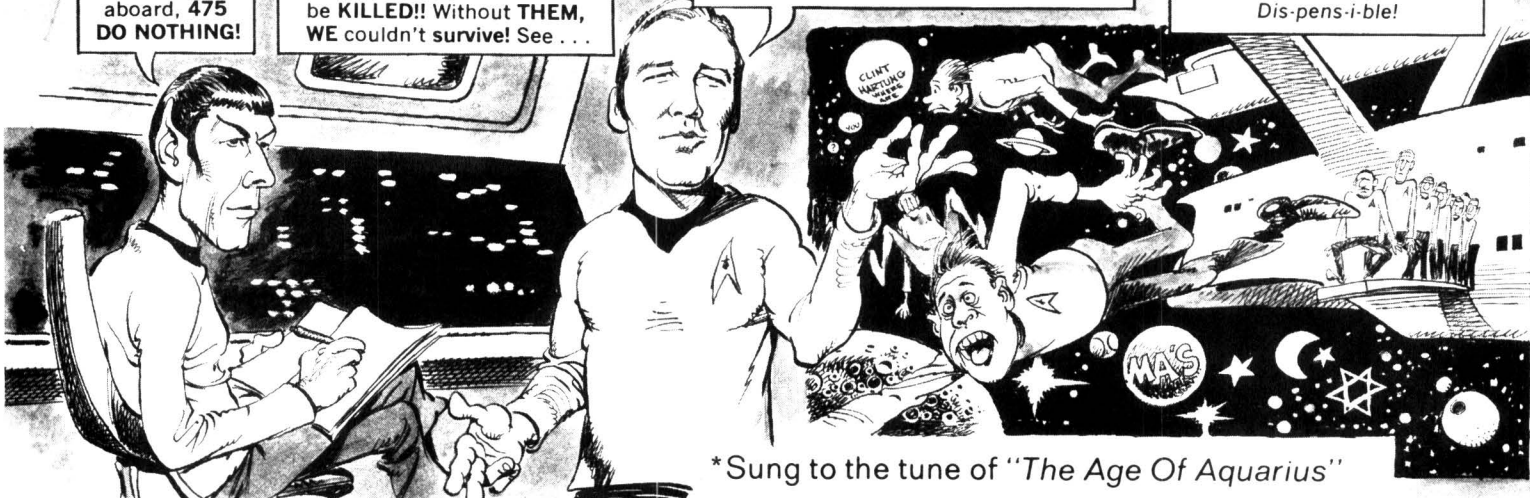


Captain, I've
been checking
our roster! Of
480 crewmen
aboard, 475
DO NOTHING!

They only seem to do nothing,
Mr. Schlock! Actually, each is
a minor actor who will shortly
appear in an episode . . . and
be KILLED!! Without THEM,
WE couldn't survive! See . . .

*As your ship...goes through the gal-axy
To distant worlds...way past Mars—
Make sure...that your ad-ven-tures
Do...not...kill...off...your...stars!

And you can do it with
A crew that's dispensible—
A crew that's dispensible—
Dis-pens-i-ble!
Dis-pens-i-ble!



*Sung to the tune of "The Age Of Aquarius"



Minor actors that you bring on
Perish when they meet a Klingon!
One-time players not seen later
Vanish in a planet's crater!
Those of us who try to aid them
Fail because the script has made them
Dis-pens-i-ble!
DIS-PENS-I-BLE!



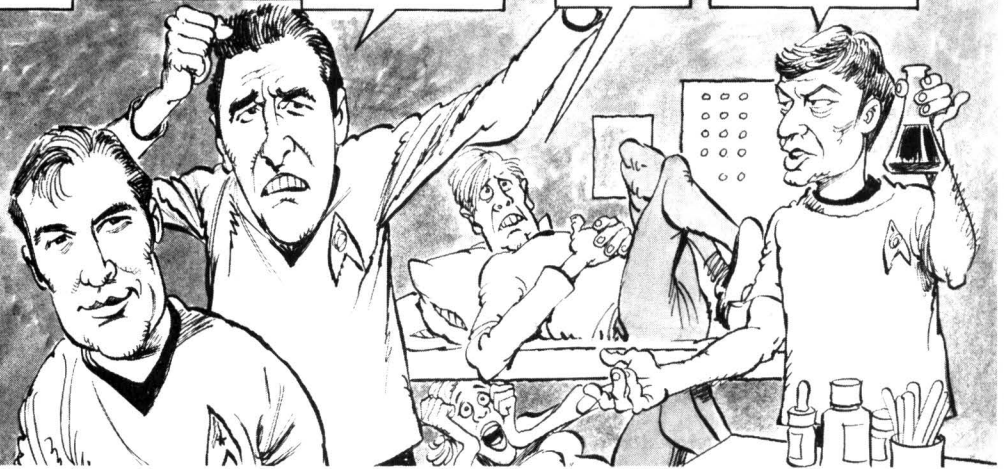
CAPTAIN!!
The ship
can't TAKE
any more!

You mean . . . the
SUPERSTRUCTURE
can't stand our
incredible speed?!

No . . . the **CREW**
can't stand your
terrible singing!
We're close to
a **MUTINY!!**

Dr. McGoy,
I think
I've got a
ruptured
appendix!

Take it our your-
self! I'm just not
interested in trite,
hackneyed Earth
ailments any more!



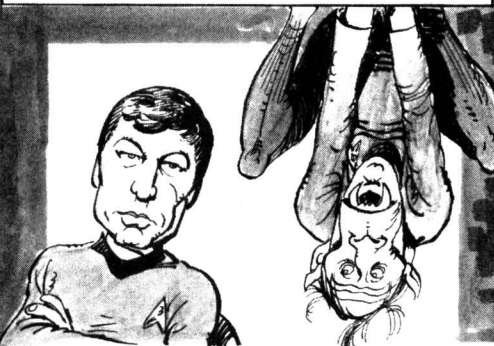
"I'm a doctor out in space,
And, like, I really groove this place,
Because of all the rare dis-ease-es—
Not like your silly coughs or sneezes!
Treating ail-ments that no man be-fore has seen
Is real keen—
They are my kinds...of sick-ness!



Observe that crewman rub his leg;
Last week he got the Neptune Plague;
Today his joints are blue and yel-low—
In seven days he'll turn to Jel-lo—
And that last re-main-ing blob I'll an-a-lyze
When he dies—
This is my kind...of sick-ness!



While beaming up from Gamma II,
I thought this man had caught the flu;
But then his mouth was growing fangs there—
And now from ceilings he just hangs there—
As I sit and list-en to his last re-quests,
I'll run tests—
This is my kind . . . of sick-ness!



Oh, what a joy it is to see
Each brand-new unknown mal-a-dy—
These men are pleading, "Won't you cure us
"From what we picked up on Arc-tur-us?"
And with ev-ry dy-ing gurg-gle in their throats,
I'll make notes—
These are my kinds...of sick-ness!



*Sung to the tune of "The Sound Of Silence"

There's only **ONE THING** I love better than a space disease, and that's baiting Mr. Schlock!

Hey, Schlock! Why does a Vulcan have pointed ears?

I . . . I don't know! Why . . . ?

So he can count to twelve!

ANOTHER "Vulcan Joke"!

How long must I put up with this mockery?! If only these clods knew how a Vulcan really feels!

*It's having pointed ears and hearing crewmen telling Vulcan jokes on ship; And it's always playing straight-man to McGoy, who thinks I'm something of a freak; And it's chatting with computers and discovering I bore them and they're only chatting back just to be kind; And it's reaching the conclusion that I'm looked on as a weirdo and a Vulcan's life is nothing but a grind!

It's having blood that's green and with your stomach situated 'bove your heart; And it's knowing how to paralyze a Romulon by fingering his neck; And it's working here with Quirk and all his Earthlings who compared to me are morons of the least developed kind; And it's reaching this conclusion that they've cast me as a "token" and a Vulcan's life is nothing but a grind!

It's mastering telepathy and knowing what the other crewmen think; And finding out there's nothing on their minds but sex and making out in space; And it's having no emotions so I really have no inkling of what "making out" means to the human mind; And it's reaching the conclusion that I must be missing something and a Vulcan's life is nothing but a grind!

*Sung to the tune of "Gentle On My Mind"

Sir, I'm picking up faint signals from Planet Pinkus!

Any life forms there, Mr. Schlock?

The computer print-out indicates a rapidly-increasing population existing in a polluted environment in which people settle differences through war—crime—and violence!

You idiot! You're reading the print-out for Planet EARTH!!

I'm getting **SINGING COMMERCIALS** from three different Pinkus Tourist Bureaus . . . !

Quick! Switch on the **Deep-Scanning Video Screen!**

*What good is sitting Up there in your ship When you could be Our guest? Beam down to Pinkus West, My friends! Beam down to Pinkus West!

*Sung (briefly) to the tune of "Cabaret"



You'll want to stay in
Our fancy resorts;
You'll say our food's
The best!
Beam down to Pinkus West,
My friends!
Beam down to Pinkus West!

Come bring your cash
For souvenirs!
Come bring your . . .

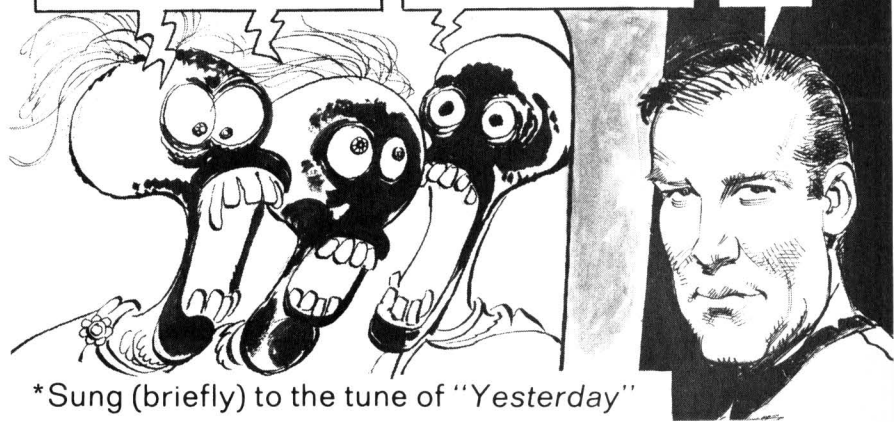
Yecch! They're
terrible! Let's hear
the second group . . .



*Pinkus East—
That's where budget-conscious
Spacemen feast—
Where you get the most and
Spend the least—
So beam on down
To Pinkus East!

If you wait,
You may miss our low Off-
Season rate—
It's a bargain at
\$9.98—
So beam on down
To . . .

They're
even
worse!
Switch
on the
third
group!



*Sung (briefly) to the tune of "Yesterday"

*How many spots out in space have hotels
That are on the Am-er-i-can Plan?
Yes, how many spots have a bi-nar-y sun
Where a guy gets a two-sided tan?
Yes, how many spots can you name with great broads
That go wild for a pointed-ear man?
The answer, my friends, is here on Pinkus South!
The answer is here in Pinkus South!

Well, Mr. Schlock . . . ?

I don't know
about **YOU**,
Captain, but
I'm beaming
down to
Pinkus South!



*Sung (briefly) to the tune of "Blowing In The Wind"

There
could be
trouble, so
put your
phasers
on "Stun"!

According to my
Tricorder Reading,
the inhabitants
are **BEAUTIFUL
YOUNG WOMEN!**

In that
case . . .
put your
phasers
on
"Caress"!



I am Varma, Queen of Pinkus, Darling of the
Galaxy, Goddess of the Song-Cue! I have the
power to grant you and your crew immortality!

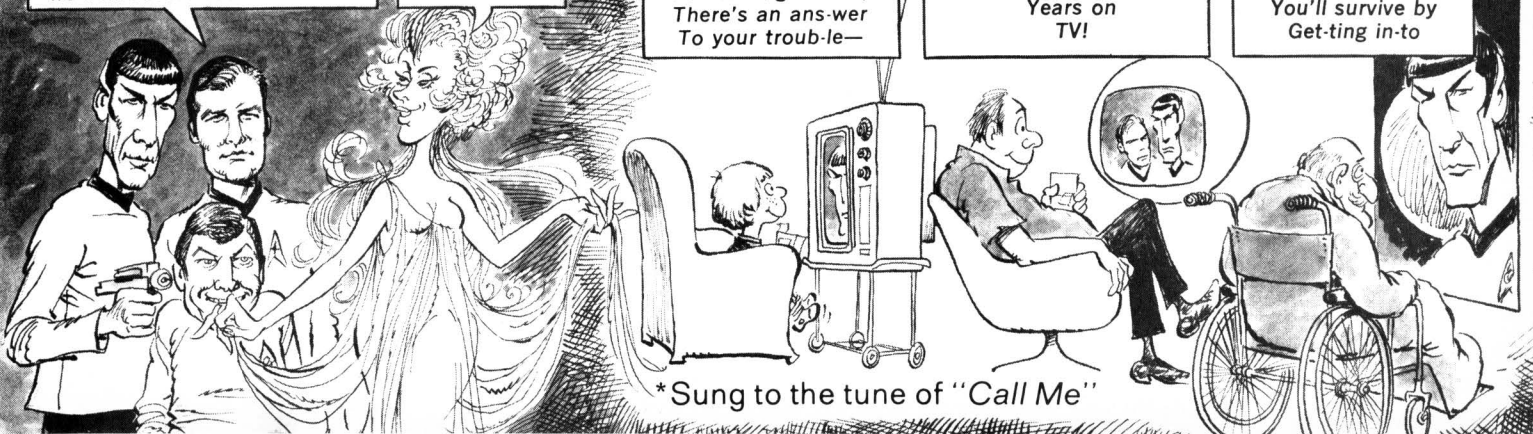
Us? Immortal? With our ratings,
we won't even last the Season!!

You will never
die, because—

*When you're has-sled
By your network,
And your ratings
Turn to rubble,
Don't despair if
You can't get work;
There's an ans-
wer
To your troub-le—

Re-runs!
You'll stay immortal with
Re-runs!
You'll live forever on
Re-runs!
Lasting for
Years on
TV!

When fresh plots are
Hard to dream up
And each dis-tant
Star you've been to,
Don't fret when they
Split your team up;
You'll survive by
Get-ting in-to



*Sung to the tune of "Call Me"

Re-runs!
You'll stay immortal with
Re-runs!
You'll live forever on
Re-runs!
Lasting for years on TV!

Life will be juic-y!
You'll out-do Luc-y!
When your old shows are re-played!
No one can stop . . . you!
They won't dare drop . . . you!
And, like, man, you'll have it made!

When you see your
Youth-ful face go,
And you're fat and
Dis-si-pat-ed,
You can still through
Deep-est space go,
Young and slim and
Syn-di-cat-ed!

Re-runs!
You'll stay immortal with
Re-runs!
You'll live forever on
Re-runs!
Lasting for
years on
TV!



Captain's Log—Stardate: 54-40 or fight! Our flashback is over and we're back where we were when this musical started—still waiting for that mysterious power who summoned us together eight years after the death of our show!

Sorry to keep
you waiting,
Gentlemen!
Now, let's get
right down to
business . . .

So YOU'RE the Mysterious Power!!

That's right! I'm a Vice-President
of NBC! We want you and your crew
to fly through space again . . . coast
to coast . . . on Network Prime Time!

Are you crazy?
We'd be out
of our minds!
We're sitting
pretty the
way we are!

We're idolized
by thousands
of Sci-Fi fans!
We're mobbed by
gorgeous teen-
age "Trekkiess"!

We've got it made with
RE-RUNS and LECTURES
and CONVENTIONS! With
ROYALTIES pouring in
from BOOKS and MODELS
and TOYS and POSTERS!

We
don't
need
YOU!
We've
got—



*Money!
That's the reason
We don't have a care!
Money!
Oh, yessiree, we
Really get our share!

See the Trekkies out there
Who are buying our stuff;
They're hooked, we swear,
And that's enough!

Yes,
Money
Coming
Through—
We love
You!

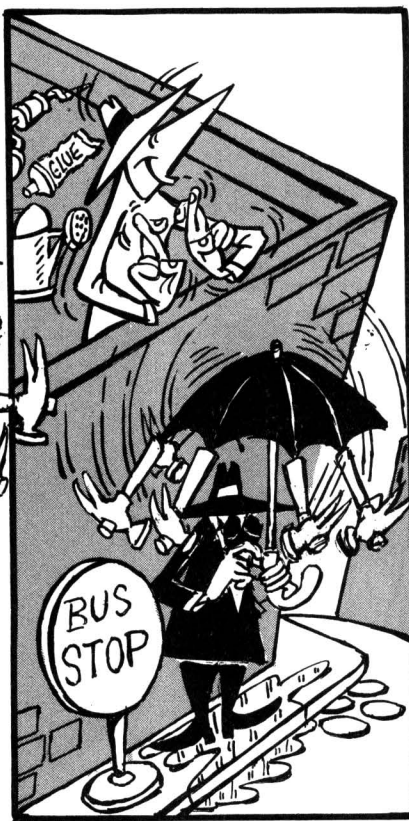
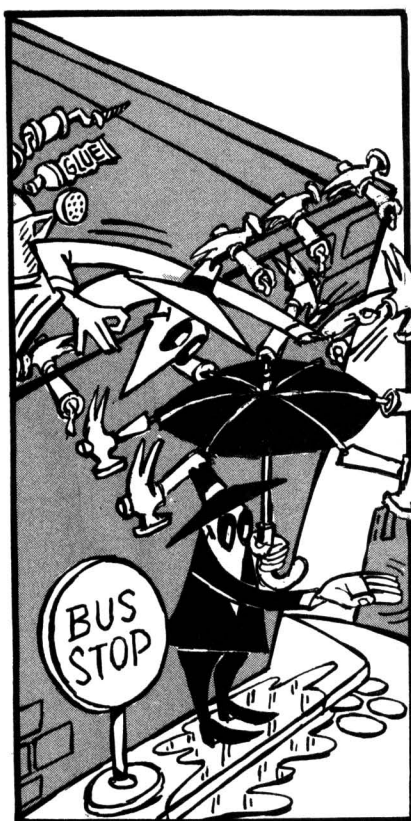
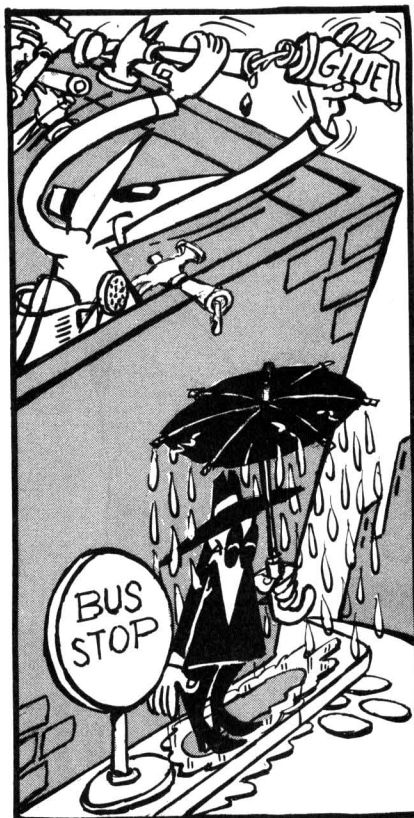
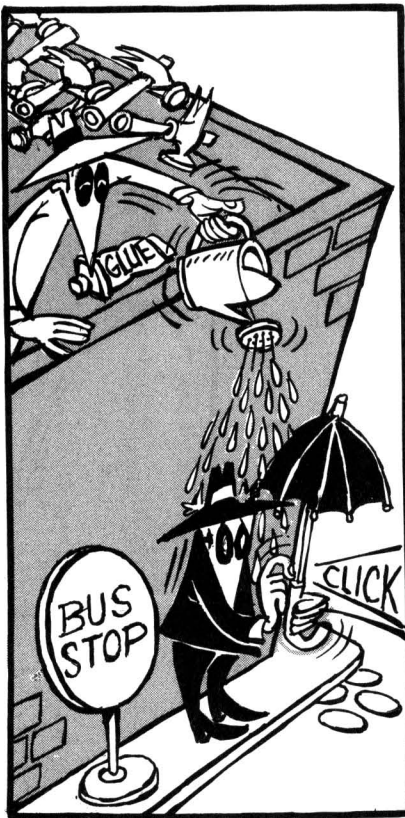
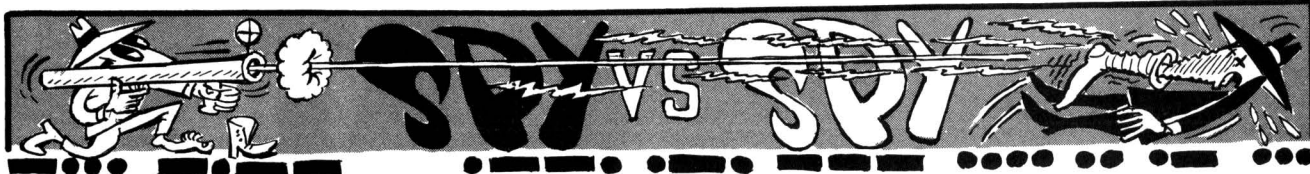
Money!
Piling up in
Big, e-nor-mous stacks!
Money!
From the sales of
Kits and pap-er-backs!

Let's cheer those kids
Who go in hock
From buy-ing dolls
Of Mr. Schlock!

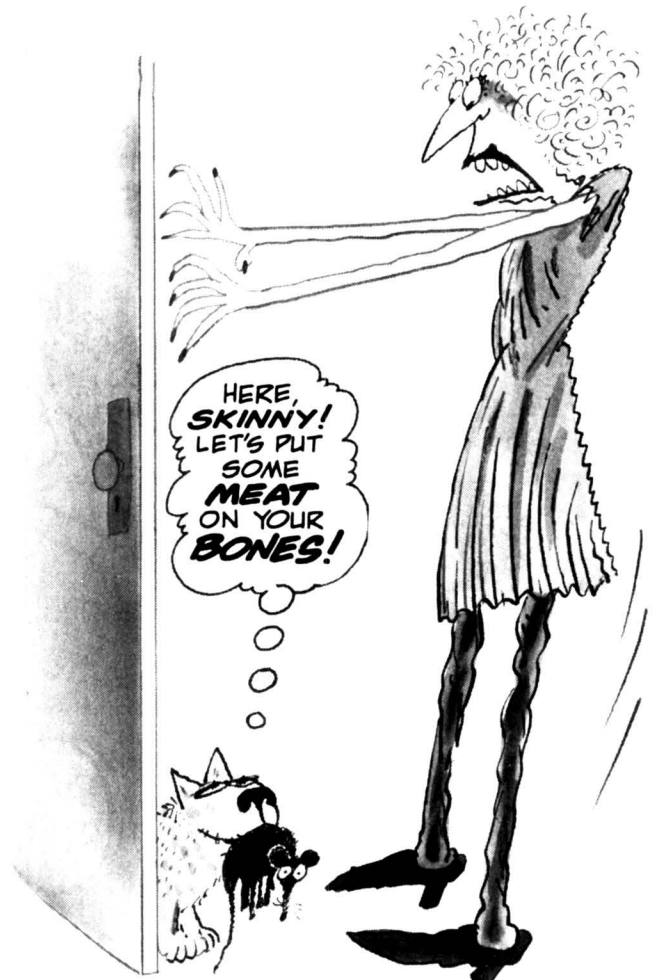
Oh,
Money!
We love
You!
Yes, we
Do!



* Sung to the tune of "Sunny"

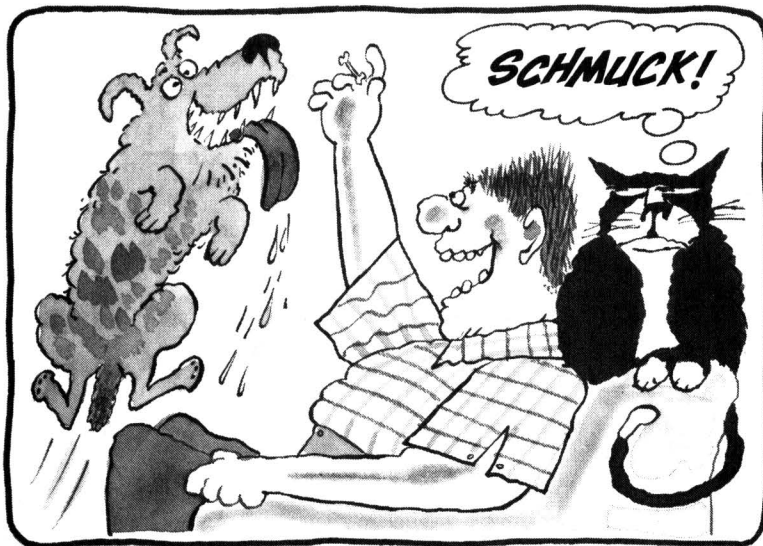


CAT THO



DAUGHTS

ARTIST AND WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



ANOTHER WASTE OF SPACE DEPT.

First, there was "Star Trek"—The (Wow!) Television Show! When it finally went off the air, millions of fans wrote the networks to put it back on! Well, the show didn't go back on, but the "repeats" did, and they've been shown hundreds of times. A "cult-following" formed . . . fan clubs were organized . . . conventions were held. In order to satisfy all the "Trekkies" around the world, there was only one thing that could be done: Charge them all \$4, \$5 or \$6 . . . and PROVE once and for all that a cheap old television episode re-run is a helluva lot better than a new multi-million dollar motion picture! We're talking about . . .



Sir, I've intercepted an alien force in quadrant T-4-093 . . . headed toward Earth!

How come your TV monitor always picks up the **GOOD STUFF!** The only signal I ever intercepted is **OLD TV RE-RUNS!**

Good to see you again, Admiral Curt! Your old ship, the "Boobyprize" has been **totally refitted, remodeled and re-powered** . . . and will be ready for a test run in 20 hours! Glad you could be here to see her off!

I'm **NOT** here to see her off, Spotty! I will be **ON** the "Boobyprize" as her—er—**Boss** . . . no, her **Landlord** . . . no, her **TOP WHATEVER-YOU-CALL-IT** . . . and she will **LEAVE** in exactly **10 HOURS!!**

How can that be . . .?!?
Because a **cloud of unbelievable boredom** is headed toward Earth at an incredible **ho-hum speed**, and we've got to intercept it before the audience falls asleep!

TEN HOURS?!?
That's a **TOUGH MISSION**, Admiral, but we'll sure give it a try!

MONITOR ONE

MONITOR TWO

STAR TREK
THE (WOW)
TV SHOW

THIS WIG
\$125.00

NICK'S
BARBER
SHOP

SYOSSET

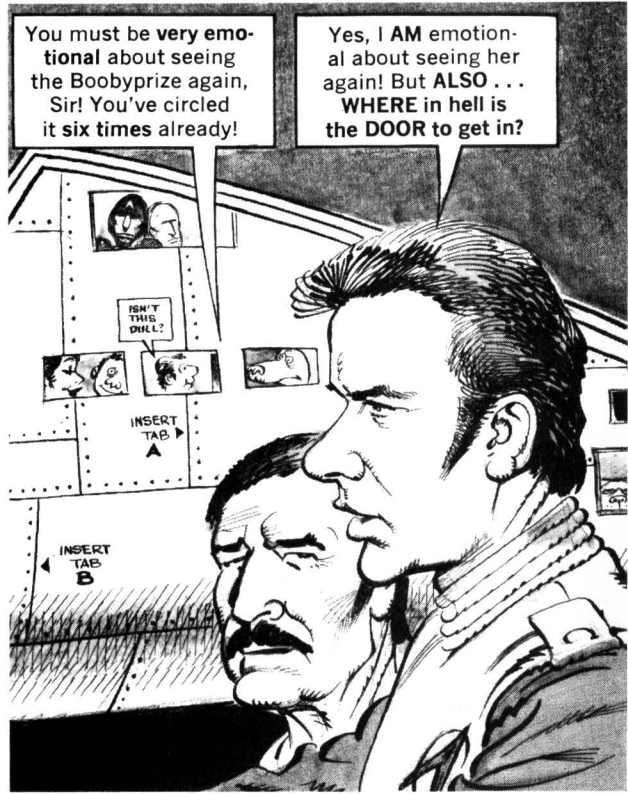
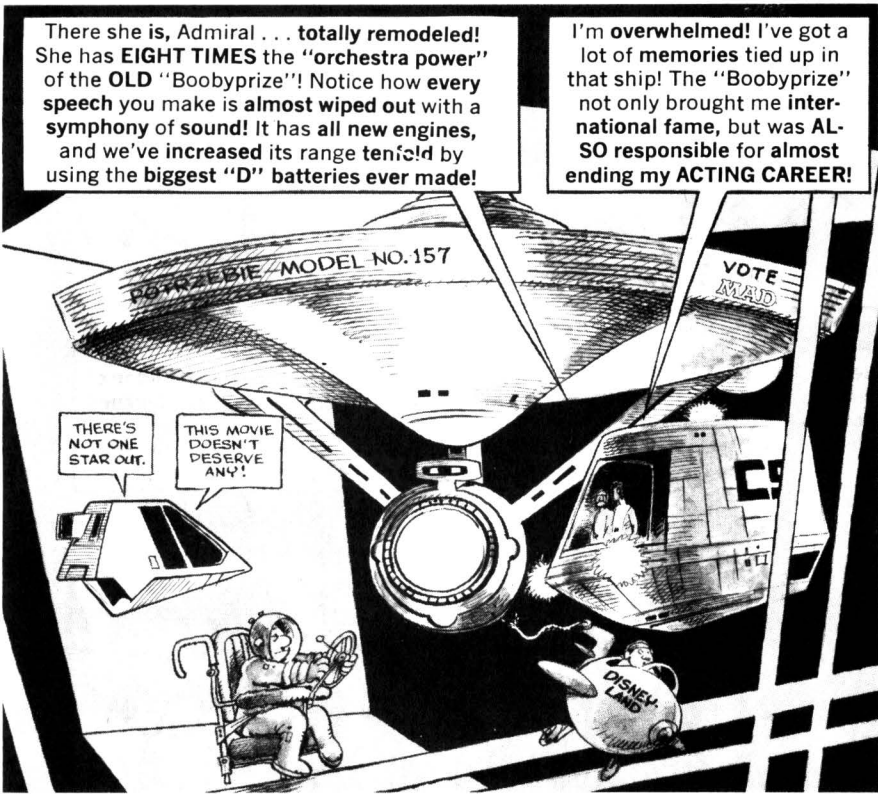
NBC
VETERAN

MR. PRUCKER



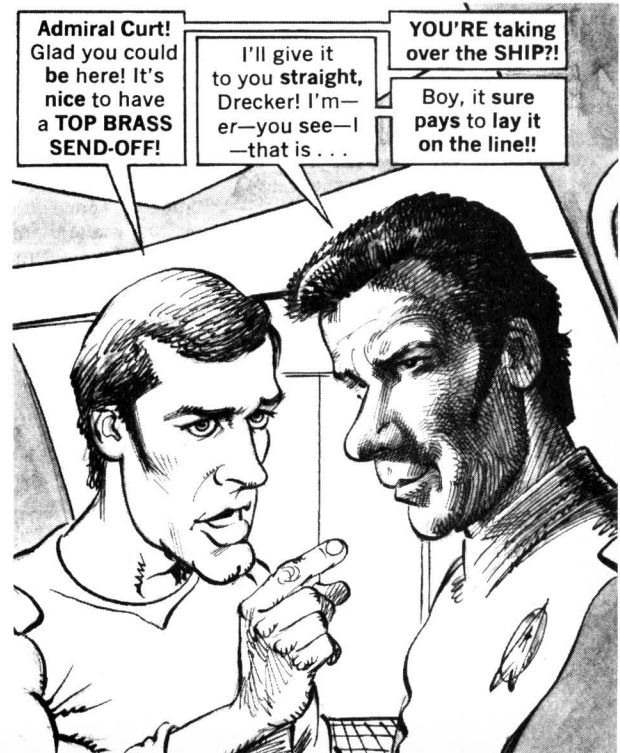
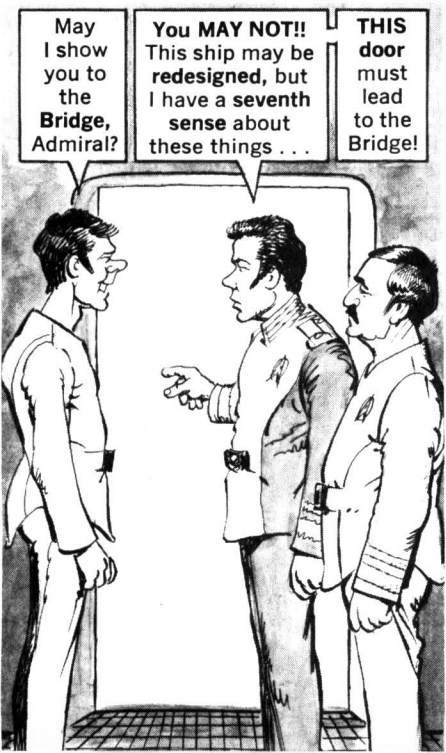
TAR BLECCH

THE (GACCK!) MOTION PICTURE



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

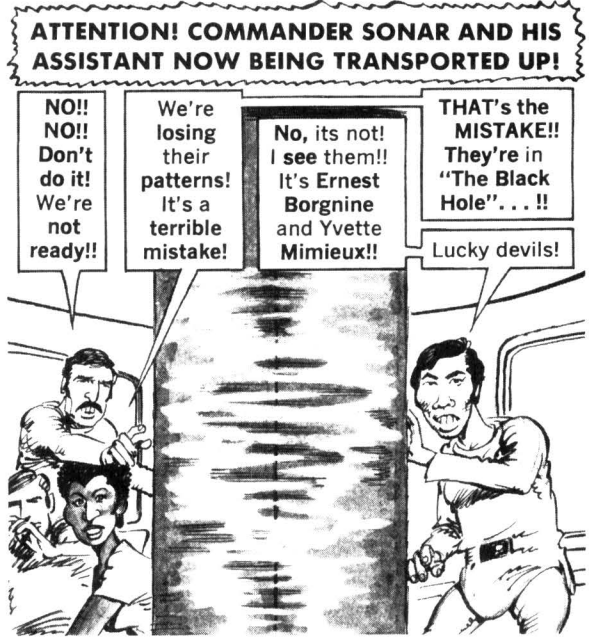




But you **CAN'T** take over this ship! I've been with her every step of the way during her reconstruction! **You don't know her!** Everything has been changed around!

It doesn't matter! I'M taking over the **CENTER SEAT**! Even **THAT'S** been changed! The center seat's now the one on the **LEFT**!!

I'm the **NEW CAPTAIN**, Drecker . . . **PERIOD!** The powers-that-be don't want some **AMATEUR IDIOT** risking this ship against impossible odds! They want a **PROFESSIONAL IDIOT** . . . and I'M that man!!

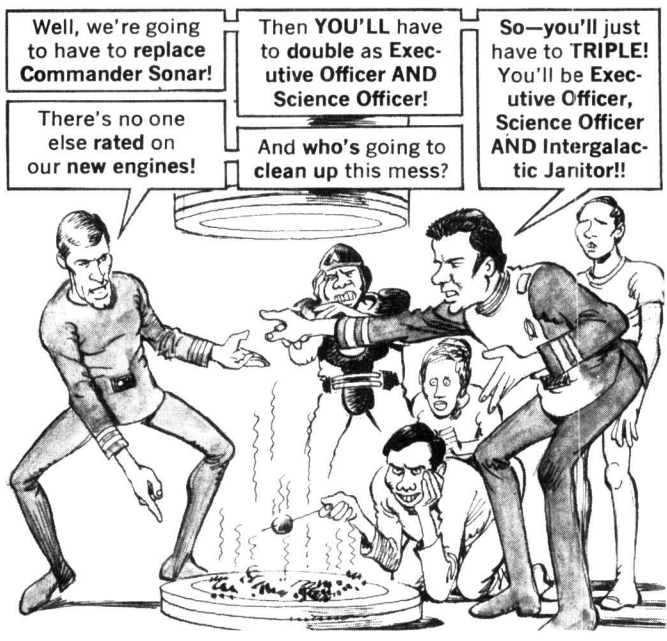


NO!! NO!! Don't do it! We're not ready!!

We're losing their patterns! It's a terrible mistake!

No, its not! I see them!! It's Ernest Borgnine and Yvette Mimieux!!

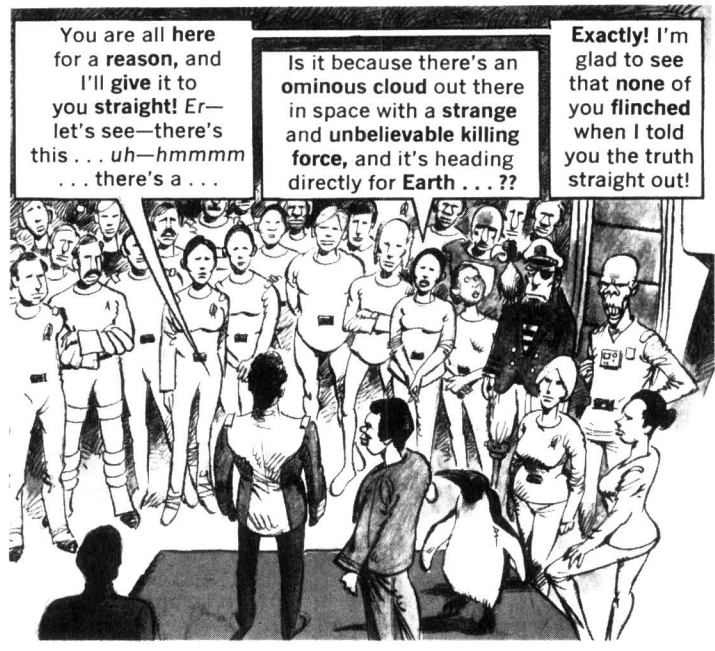
THAT's the MISTAKE!! They're in "The Black Hole" . . . !! Lucky devils!



Well, we're going to have to replace Commander Sonar! There's no one else rated on our new engines!

Then **YOU'LL** have to double as Executive Officer AND Science Officer! And who's going to clean up this mess?

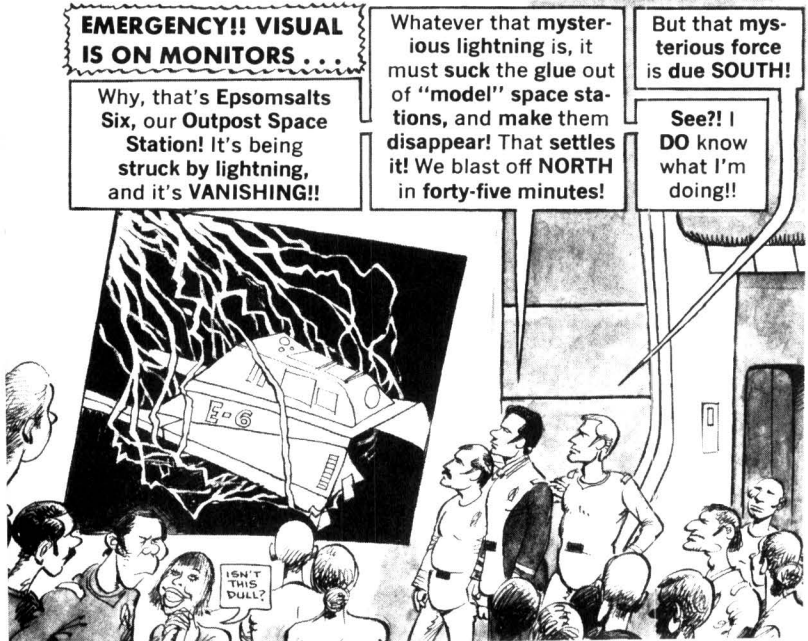
So—you'll just have to be **TRIPLE!** You'll be Executive Officer, Science Officer AND Intergalactic Janitor!!



You are all here for a reason, and I'll give it to you straight! Er—let's see—there's this . . . uh—hmmmm . . . there's a . . .

Is it because there's an ominous cloud out there in space with a strange and unbelievable killing force, and it's heading directly for Earth . . . ??

Exactly! I'm glad to see that none of you flinched when I told you the truth straight out!

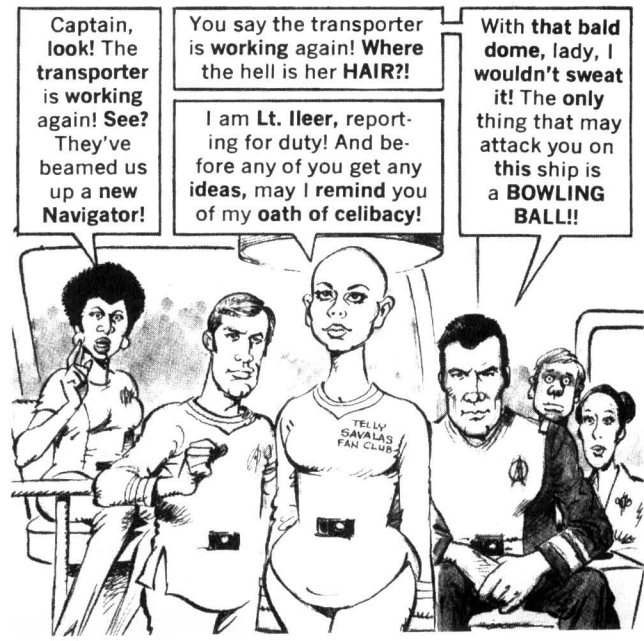


EMERGENCY!! VISUAL IS ON MONITORS . . .

Why, that's Epsomsalts Six, our Outpost Space Station! It's being struck by lightning, and it's **VANISHING!!**

Whatever that mysterious lightning is, it must suck the glue out of "model" space stations, and make them disappear! That settles it! We blast off **NORTH** in forty-five minutes!

But that mysterious force is due **SOUTH!** See?! I **DO** know what I'm doing!!



Captain, look! The transporter is working again! See? They've beamed us up a new Navigator!

You say the transporter is working again! Where the hell is her **HAIR**?! I am Lt. Iler, reporting for duty! And before any of you get any ideas, may I remind you of my oath of celibacy!

With that bald dome, lady, I wouldn't sweat it! The only thing that may attack you on this ship is a **BOWLING BALL!!**

Here comes the final member of the crew!!

DOCTOR BECOY!!
How good to see you! I **NEVER** thought **YOU'D** volunteer again!

ME?! VOLUNTEER?
Some @#\$%&% put a "pay phone" sign on the transporter . . . and when I stepped inside to make a phone call, I was **BEAMED** here!

Attention!
Prepare for immediate departure!
Spotty, I want "warp one" speed!

Captain, we've never run these engines before! Only someone with a "warped brain" would order "warp speed" with new engines!

Warp one, and NOW!!!

Wow! Look at all those magnificent colors! So this is what warp speed is like!!

Warp speed, nothing!
We didn't have time to stow away any of the **PAINT CANS!!**
That's **PAINT** you see . . . spilling all over everywhere . . .!



Captain!
We have negative control from inertial lag . . .

Navigational deflectors inoperative!
Subspace frequencies jammed and ineffective!

Engines coming loose from pylons!
Emergency!!
Captain . . . what are you going to do?

Y'know, Drecker! I've been thinking about how **WRONG** I was to rush into command of this ship! **YOU** know it better than I, so **TAKE CHARGE** for now!



EMERGENCY! EMERGENCY! IMMINENT DANGER! SHIP ON COLLISION COURSE WITH ALIEN ASTEROID . . . !

Here! **YOU** take the Captain's chair! Let me just release my seat belt!

WAIT, Sir! That's not the seat belt release!! That's the "**TORPEDO FIRE**" button you just pushed!!

Captain Curt!!
You **DID IT!!**
That torpedo you fired **DESTROYED THE ASTEROID!**

It did?
I mean, **OF COURSE IT DID!!**



Captain Curt, may I speak freely, to make you look like the schmuck you really are . . . ?

Permission granted!

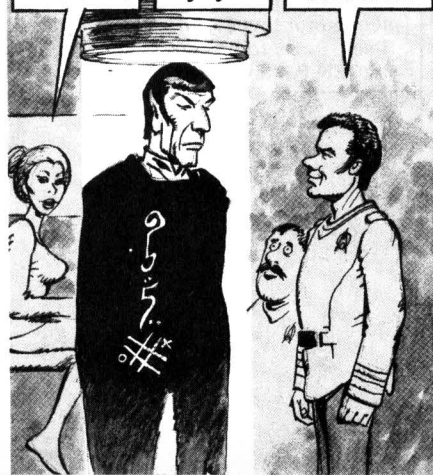
Permission GRANTED?!
Boy, you **ARE** a schmuck!
I rest my case!



Captain, another member of the crew is beaming aboard . . .

SPOOK!!
It's you!
I can hardly believe my eyes!

I can **ALSO** hardly believe your **EARS!!** They seem bigger than ever!!



What brings you back to the **Boobyprize**, Spook?

On **Vulgar**, I began sensing a **consciousness** from a source **more powerful** than I've ever encountered, thought patterns of an **exactly perfect order!** I believe it emanates from the intruder you seek! It may hold an answer to my subconscious turmoil! Also . . .

I missed all the great broads on this ship!



You won't have any more trouble with **engine imbalance**, Captain! I made a **subtle change** that **corrected** it! Instead of having all four engines on one side of the ship, I put **two on each side**!!

What an **advanced mind** you have, Spook!

Captain, I believe we're being **radiated**!

Is it possible that the **friendship signals** we're sending out are being **interpreted** as **acts of hostility**?

Yes, that seems to happen with **every foreign power** the U.S. tries to help!

By the Gods of Vulgar, they're sending out an **energy of the twelfth power**!

A LOT?! Let's see—why, that's precisely **TWICE** the energy of the **SIXTH** power!

What a mind . . . !
What a mind . . . !

Is that a lot?

Captain, the intruder has been attempting to **communicate** with us! I think I've broken their code! They're calling us "**collect**"! Will you accept the charges??

I'll—I'll have to think about that!

Shield protection fading . . . external power increasing!!

Okay!! Okay!! We'll accept the charges!! But **ONLY** for **THREE MINUTES**!!!

CAN ILEER COME OUT AND PLAY?

Look at that! A vessel so large, it's taken **complete control** of our ship!!

Thank God **SOMEBODY** has finally taken complete control of our ship!!

I estimate its striking power at seventy billion megatronic ampere-volts or more!

Uh—I say, let's not fool with it!

Boy, it's just one brilliant tactical decision after another with you, isn't it, Captain?!

INTRUDER ALERT!! INTRUDER ALERT!!

Y'know, we should get rid of that **SPEAKER SYSTEM**! It only seems to bring **BAD NEWS**!

It's a bolt of that high-energy lightning! And . . . **LOOK!** It's taking **ILEER** away!! Someone **STOP IT!** We've got a **HEAVY DATE** planned for this evening! Ileer . . . try to be back by **TEN P.M.**, will ya?!?

First, engine failure! Then Ileer is taken! What's next?

CAPTAIN . . . we're being seized by a **TRACTOR BEAM**!!

I didn't want an **ANSWER**, Spook!! Can't I ask a rhetorical question that doesn't have a disaster for an answer?!

The alien vessel is pulling us inside itself! But, **WHY??** Certainly, if it wanted to **DESTROY** us, it could have destroyed us **OUTSIDE** itself, right?

Perhaps it **didn't** want to litter the universe!

She—she's some kind of **ROBOT!!**

At least **SHE** has an **EXCUSE** for her acting! What's **YOURS?**

Who is "V'ger"?

V'ger-is-the-Creator!

And who is the Creator?

The-Creator-is-V'ger!

Ask her if she ever worked in **WASHINGTON!** She talks just like a **typical POLITICIAN!**

YUL BRYNNER FANCLUB

Ileer has been programmed to respond to her former thought patterns! Perhaps her affection for Drecker will still be present in her programming, and he can learn something about this "V'ger" from her . . .

It's a wild way-out 23rd Century idea, but it may just work!!

Yeah!! Yeah!!


Is Mr. Drecker having any success, Captain?

He's using audio-visual manipulation!

Yeah ... he's whispering in her ear, and undressing her at the same time!!

Evidently **Drecker** couldn't hold her **attention . . . or any part of her anatomy!** She just came out of his chamber **without** opening his **door . . .**

Maybe we could arrange a **date** for her with the **Incredible Hulk!** They seem to have **more in common!**



Spook, why are you out here?

I came out here to seek some answers, Captain?

So did !! And here are the questions: Did you **SIGN** for that thruster suit? **When** are you going to **RETURN** it? Did you leave a **DEPOSIT**?

You-have-asked-to-meet-with "V'ger"—and-this-is-V'ger! Now-you-must-give-V'ger-the-Creator!

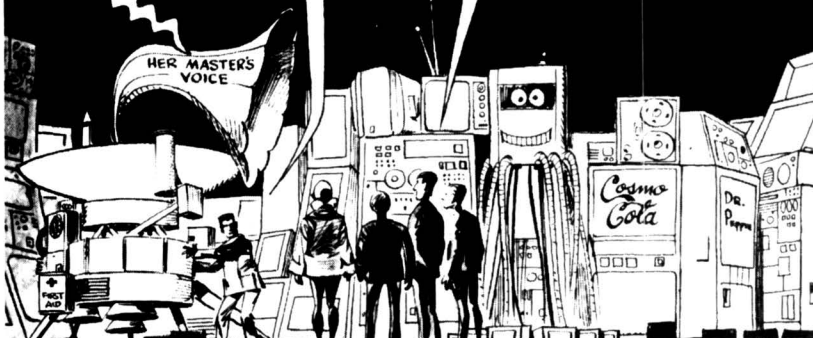
Wait! This sign . . . ! It doesn't say "V'ger"! See? When I brush away the dirt, it says "VOYAGER VI"!

Interesting! We are looking at the products of what is probably the universe's most intelligent species . . . and it doesn't even know how to dust!

Voyager VII! It was sent out from Earth with a mission . . . "Learn all that is learnable . . . store all that is storable . . . collect all that is collectable . . . merchandise all that is merchandisable!!"

Obviously, when Voyager VI disappeared from our side of the galaxy, it crashed on a "machine" planet which followed the orders we'd programmed into it! And this is the results! Ileeer, WE created "V'ger"! Therefore, WE are YOUR CREATOR!!

Statement—rejected!! Earth—carbon—units—create—wars—energy—shortages—political—rip-offs—inflation—depression—riots—hunger—and—misery!! No—there—must—be—a—HIGHER—POWER!!



Curt-unit-listen-to-me! I-and-the-entire-audience-are-growing-restless! You-must-transmit-all-information-on-the-Creator-to-V'ger-immediately! V'ger-is-impatient!!

If you ask me . . . the way to deal with "V'ger" is to treat it LIKE A BABY!!

And-if-V'ger-does-not-get-the-information—it-will-destroy-the-Earth-with-missiles!

That is, treat it like the universe's MOST POWERFUL BABY!!



I have the information V'ger wants!!
It-is-too-late!

And I also have seven boxes of lollypops and two pounds of fudge!

That-is-better! At-last-you-are-taking-V'ger-seriously!



Let ME give V'ger the information by uniting with it, Captain!

But you don't know what it will DO to you, Drucker!

Yeah, but what a way to GO!!

Drucker-was-always-into-cheap-thrills!



Spook . . . did we just witness the beginning of a brand new LIFE FORM??

No, Captain . . . we just witnessed the birth of a brand new Motion Picture ART Form, where the SPECIAL EFFECTS are ten times MORE INTERESTING than the people, the plot and the dialogue!



Hello! I'm William Gaines, publisher of MAD! I usually don't get involved in these TV parodies. I don't even read them! All I really care about is how many issues of MAD we sell! But since this is the first time we're satirizing a show whose cast is actually **OLDER** than me... and since this is the first series I can actually *relate* to, I thought that I should introduce it. Here's...



The Olden Girls

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITERS: ARNIE & JAY KOGEN

Hi! We're the **Olden Girls!** I'm **Appathy!** The **sarcastic** one! A trait left over from a previous sitcom! I'm the leader and **moving force** of this series! Although some critics say "**All Bran**" is the moving force of this series!

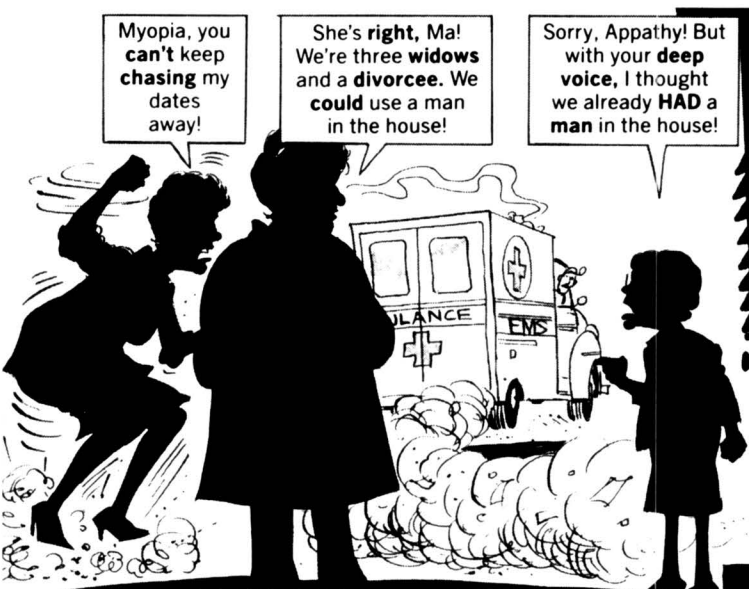
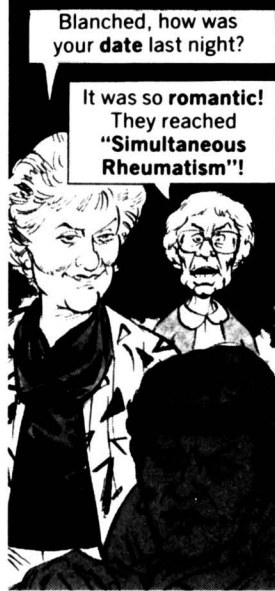
I'm **Doze!** The **dippy** one! On the TV "bewilderment" scale, I'm somewhere between **Gracie Allen** and **Georgette Baxter!** My occupation: **grief counselor!** Whenever I counsel anyone on this series, they usually wind up with **grief!**

I'm **Blanchet!** The **flirtatious** one! I'm a gullible, sex-obsessed **southern belle** with an accent that went out with Tennessee Williams! Come to think of it, I went out with Tennessee Williams!

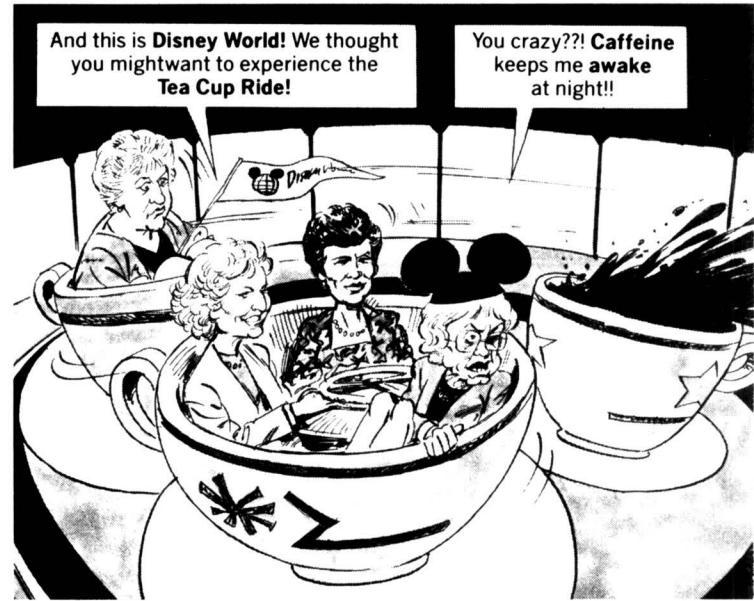
I'm **Myopia!** The **foul mouthed** one! I'm a unique TV creation! I look like **Grandma Moses** and I talk like **Al Pacino** in **Scarface!** Remember when all old ladies on TV were like **Grandma Walton?** I've changed all of that! I'm **80 years old**. I can say things in prime time that would get **Eddie Murphy** thrown off the air!

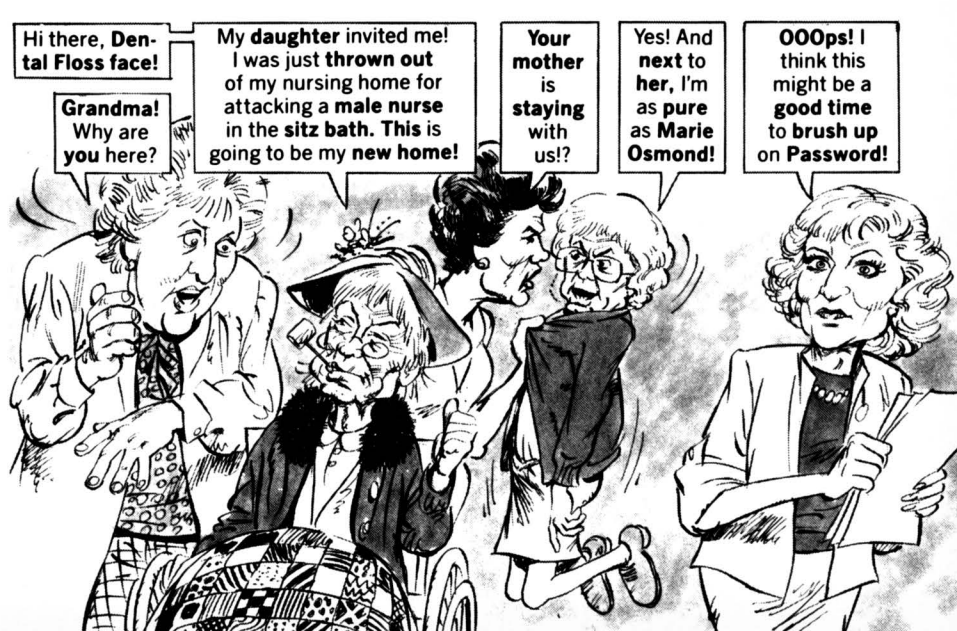
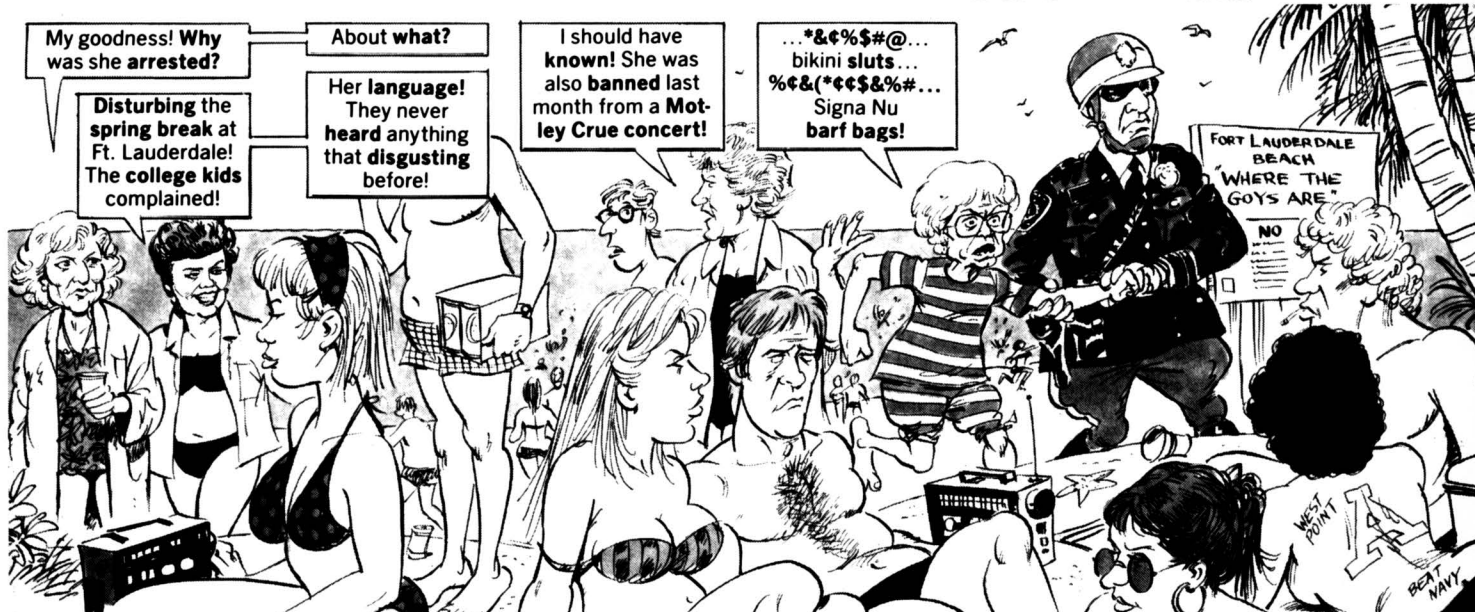


I'm actress **Heather Locklear!** No, I'm not in this series! But as a **humane gesture** to their readers MAD has included me here. Take a **good** look at me. It's the last attractive, **firm body** you'll be seeing for the next **five pages!**





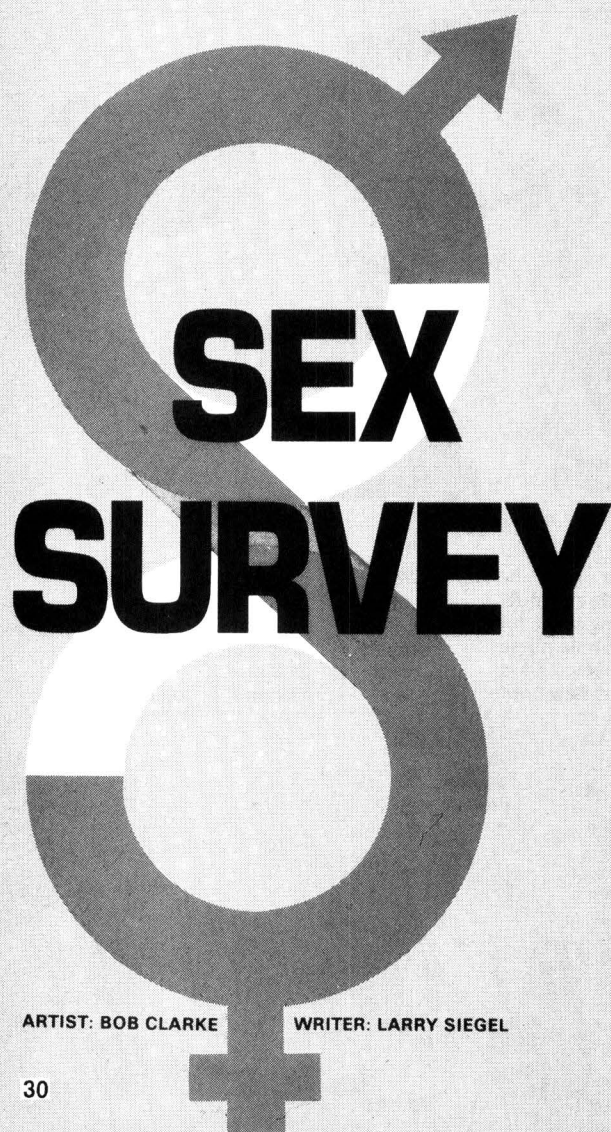




TABOO-LATION DEPT.

In answer to the sex polls conducted by *Cosmopolitan*, *Redbook*, and *Playboy*, a few months ago *Mad Magazine* surveyed our readership in the form of a questionnaire inserted in every 4 out of 5 issues (it figures—you got the one out of 5 with *no* insert, right?). Well, the figures have been tabulated! We are pleased to present the exciting results of...

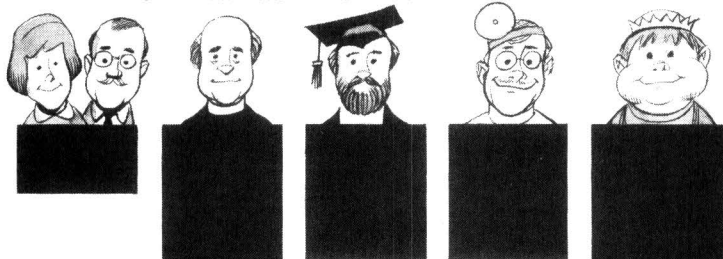
THE MAD READER'S



ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

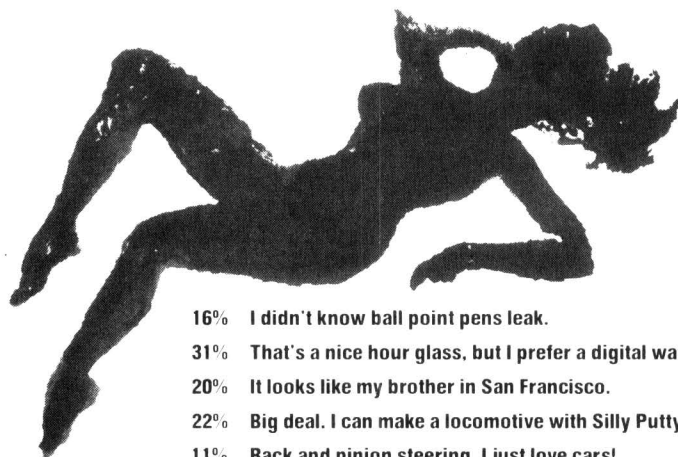
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

How Did You First Learn About Sex?



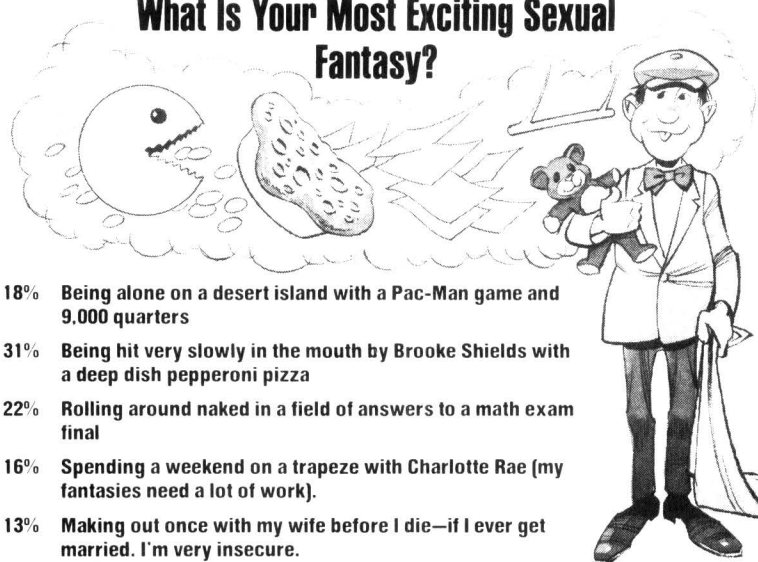
- 1/4% Parents
- 3/4% Religious leader
- 1/2% Teacher
- 1/2% Doctor
- 98% From a fat kid in the schoolyard named Marvin, who had acne and breathed hard and giggled a lot—and was 99-44/100% wrong.

What Was The First Thing That Came To Your Mind When You Saw This Inkblot?



- 16% I didn't know ball point pens leak.
- 31% That's a nice hour glass, but I prefer a digital watch.
- 20% It looks like my brother in San Francisco.
- 22% Big deal. I can make a locomotive with Silly Putty.
- 11% Rack and pinion steering. I just love cars!

What Is Your Most Exciting Sexual Fantasy?



- 18% Being alone on a desert island with a Pac-Man game and 9,000 quarters
- 31% Being hit very slowly in the mouth by Brooke Shields with a deep dish pepperoni pizza
- 22% Rolling around naked in a field of answers to a math exam final
- 16% Spending a weekend on a trapeze with Charlotte Rae (my fantasies need a lot of work).
- 13% Making out once with my wife before I die—if I ever get married. I'm very insecure.

How Old Were You When You Had Your First Sexual Experience?

17%*  Nine or under

60%  10-20

11%  21-40

7%  41-80

5%  Over 80

0%  Over 80 who lived to be 101 after having sex



100%* 

16-20 year-olds who said they were nine or under to impress friends and frat brothers and still haven't had any sex.

Whom Do You Usually Consult With Your Sexual Problems?

1/4%  Parents

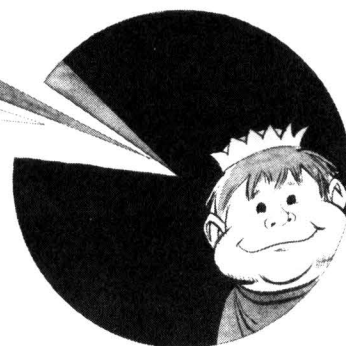
3/4%  Religious Leader

1/2%  Psychiatrist

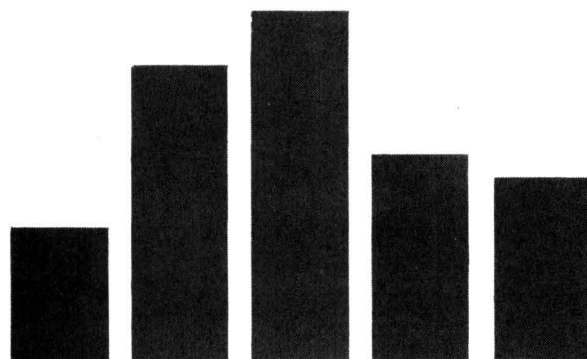
1/4% I write to "Dear Abby" (as "Confused From Sheboygan")

1/4% I write to Ann Landers (as "Confused From Dear Abby")

98% Marvin in the schoolyard (some people just never learn)



How Do You Feel About S&M?



14% Didn't know what S&M is

31% Said they liked the letters B, J, and F much better

15% Thought S&M stood for spaghetti and meatballs

21% Confused S&M with M&M

19% Said they never eat candy during sex

What Do You Find To Be The Sexiest Feature In A Partner?

Eyes 5% 

Lips 6% 

Teeth 3% 

Chin 8% 

Arms 2% 

Left Shoulder 9% 

Blade 6% 

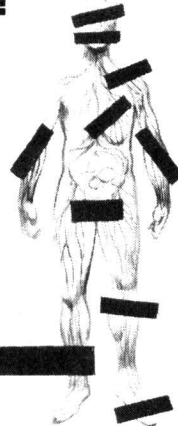
Right ear lobe 6% 

Patella 11% 

Pulmonary Artery 21% 

Mesenteric Vein 9% 

The Empty Area Between Legs 20%* 



*LEARNED ANATOMY FROM KEN AND BARBIE DOLLS

What's Your Initial Reaction To This Porno Movie Scene?

15%  How come there's no night light in this bedroom?

31% Does that silly lady who broke the ceiling mirror know she's going to have seven years hard luck?

20% The man in the dress could go to jail if he rips off that "Do Not Remove" tag from the mattress

18% Doesn't the man with the whipped cream know it's not kosher to mix dairy with meat?

16% I don't think that man truly loves his tennis shoes. He's probably just trying to make his bedroom slippers jealous!



PROFITABLE ENTERPRISE DEPT.

Usually, sequels to successful movies are total disasters. But the Producers of the "Star Blecc" series have it all backwards. The original was a total disaster and, by comparison, the sequel was a lot better! We're talking about

STAR BLECC



HAI

THE WRECK OF KORN

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



ON THE STARSHIP "U.S.S. REFINANCED"...

Checkoff... our mission is to seek out and explore areas that are **devoid of life forms**, so we can use them as subjects for "**Project Geritol**"!

Well... we've **already checked out Hollywood!** Where to next?

Wait a minute! Our sensors are picking up **life forms on Alpo V!**

Impossible! Not even a **DOG** could survive that environment! Let's **beam down** and see what's going on!



I don't believe it! It's the wreckage of the Starship "**Botany Tie**"! Look! There are piles of **dirty dishes** that have been accumulating for years!

It's rather obvious! A **bachelor** must live here!!

Very observant! My God! It's **KORN!!** You're alive!!

Yes! I am alive, and I **never forget a face!** How are you doing, Richmond?

Sorry, my name is Checkoff!

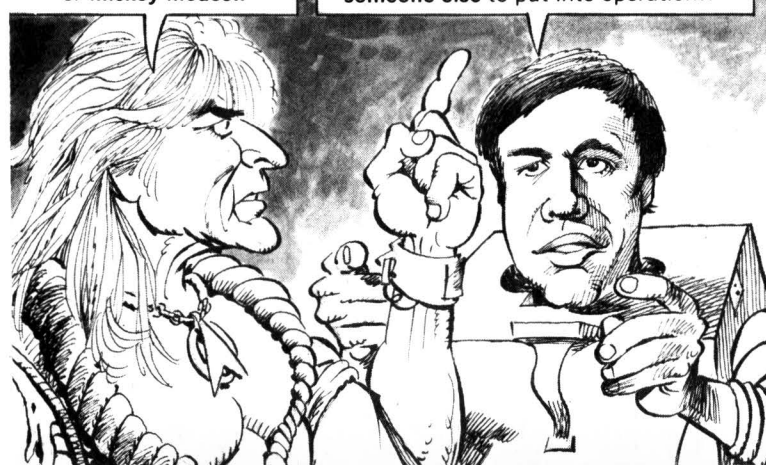
I **never forget a face!** Names?! They give me a **real problem!**



Your friend, Curt, had us fired off into space to spend all of eternity in **suspended animation!** So for fifteen long years, all I've seen is **Pluto!!** Not even **Donald Duck...** or **Mickey Mouse!!**

And for **GOOD REASON!!** You tried to **take over** the planet Earth! If you'd had **your way**, that poor planet would now be suffering from **Wars, inflation, high taxes, unemployment** and—and—

Hey...!! Did you give your plan to **someone else** to put into operation?!



I have a little **surprise** for you! These **slimy little BUGS** are the **only life** that exists on "**Alpo V**"! They enter the **ear** and seek out the **brain!** Their **prey** becomes extremely susceptible to **suggestion!**

But look at the **BRIGHT side!** You'll have a "**pet**" for life! You'll never have to take him for a **walk** or **feed him!**



Happy birthday, Gym!
I brought you a bottle of **brown wine**!
It goes with so many more dishes than the everyday **green wine**!

Oh, yeah... Thanks!

Gym, are you feeling **moody**?

No! Yes! Maybe I am! Maybe I'm not! You may be right... but I don't think so!

Y'know, Gym, you **should** be back in command of a **Starship**! Desk work **doesn't** agree with you! I speak as your **FRIEND** and as your **DOCTOR**! As your friend, I suggest you do it for your **health**! As your **Doctor**, you owe me **\$50.00** for medical advice!

It's **really** good to see you back on the **flight deck** of the **Boobyprize**, Admiral Curt! Are you still feeling **badly** about reaching **middle age**?

Not any more! My mind is as **sharp** and as **clear** today as it was when I first took **Command**!

Oh-oh! We could be in **BIG TROUBLE**!



This is for **real** now, Lt. Savvy! Have you ever taken a **Starship** out of it's mooring?

No, Sir!

Then this if **your** chance! Do you think you can **handle** it?

Yes! If I remember my **four** years of instruction and my **training manuals** correctly, I push this button marked **"TOTAL AUTOMATIC DOCK DEPARTURE"**!

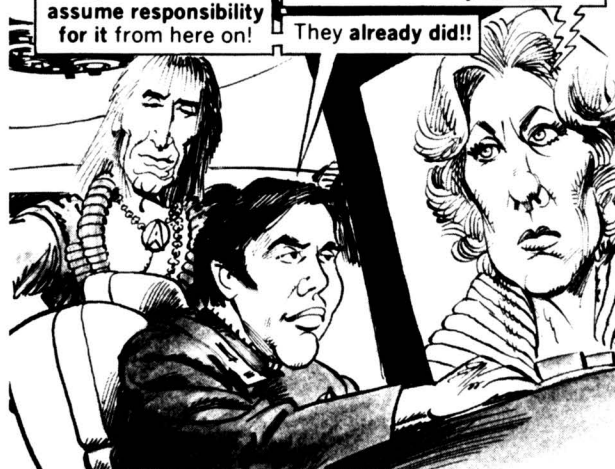
You forgot two items, Lieutenant! You must **ALSO** always hit the **"STAR BLECCH THEME"** button—and the **"AUDIO UP"** button!!



Irregular One, this is **Checkoff**! We have been ordered to **pick up** all work done on **"Project Geritol"** and assume responsibility for it from here on!

What?!? Listen, I'm not giving up **"Project Geritol"** without checking with **Adm. Curt** first! And if you **don't** like it, you can **stick it in your ear**!!

They already did!!



Admiral Curt, this is **Dr. Markus** on **Irregular One**!

crackle... crackle...

Admiral Curt, can you **hear** me! There seems to be **terrible interference**!

crackle... snap... pop!

Just barely, **Dr. Markus**!

crackle... snap... crackle

You'll have to **speak loud-er**! I'm eating a bowl of **Rice Krispies** and they're making a **terrible racket**!

snap... crackle... pop!!



Sorry, Admiral! We're **losing** the **picture**! It's just **snow** and **shadows**!

With all the **money** they **spent** on this ship, you'd **think** they could afford a **good roof antenna** for the **TV set**!

We **better** find out what's happening on **Irregular One**! Since that means going on **Active Duty**, the **Senior Officer** should be in charge!!

But, **Spook**... is that **fair**??

Admiral, I have **no ego** to **bruise**! And **besides**... if you **screw up**, it won't go on **MY record**!!





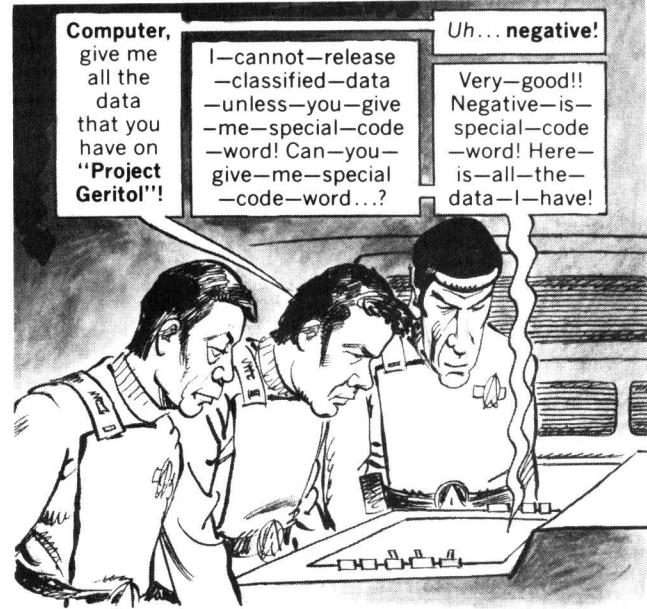
Attention, Crew! An emergency situation has come up, and I'm taking command of the ship!

If THAT isn't an emergency situation, I don't know WHAT IS!

Spook... WHY do you think Irregular One isn't answering our calls?

There are five possible answers, Admiral! They are unable to, they are helpless to, they are powerless to, they are incapable of, or they just plain can't!!

What a mind!! What a mind!! AGE doesn't affect it at all!!



Computer, give me all the data that you have on "Project Geritol"!!

I—cannot—release—classified—data—unless—you—give—me—special—code—word! Can—you—give—me—special—code—word...?

Uh... negative!

Very—good!! Negative—is—special—code—word! Here—is—all—the—data—I—have!

Admiral, a ship has just entered our "too close for comfort" zone! It's the U.S.S. Refinanced!! And its defense shields are up!

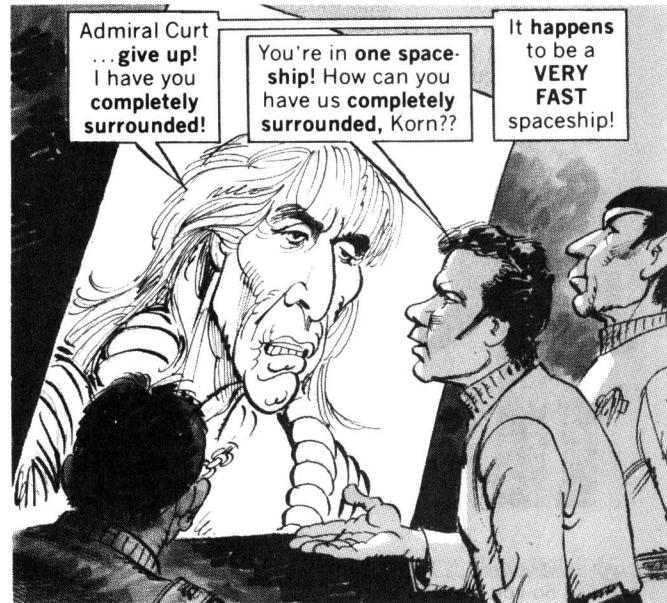
They're attacking us!!

Admiral... should I call General Alert?

Why? Is General Alert aboard?

It's a condition, Sir, not a person! We've got a MAJOR DILEMMA here!

In that case, you'd better call General Alert AND Major Dilemma to the bridge... at once!



Admiral Curt... give up! I have you completely surrounded!

You're in one space-ship! How can you have us completely surrounded, Korn??

It happens to be a VERY FAST spaceship!

Listen, all you REALLY want is ME, Korn! I'll beam myself aboard...!

I want YOU... and all the data on "Project Geritol"! You have sixty seconds!!

Sixty seconds?!? I need more time that that! Give me at least a minute!

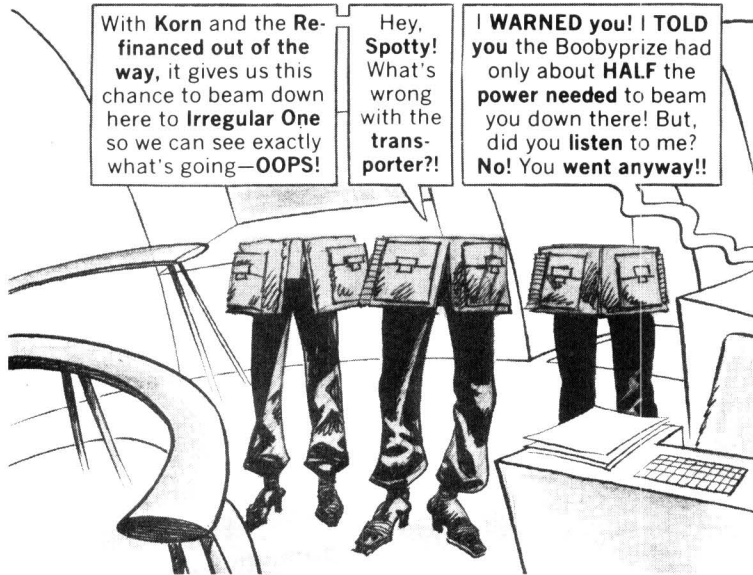
Okay! One minute!! You're lucky you caught me in a generous mood!

Every Starship has a super secret code number! If we could come up with the secret code number for the Refinanced, we could control their ship with our own computer!!

Come on!! It would be almost impossible for one to...

FOUR—ONE—TWO!

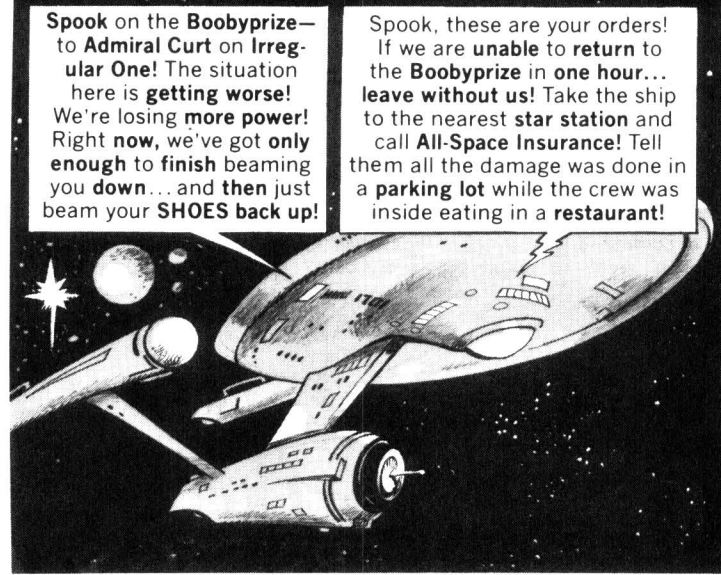
That's IT! That's their secret code number! Brilliant, Admiral! We've got them defenseless!!



With **Korn** and the **Re-financed** out of the **way**, it gives us this chance to beam down here to **Irregular One** so we can see exactly what's going—**OOPS!**

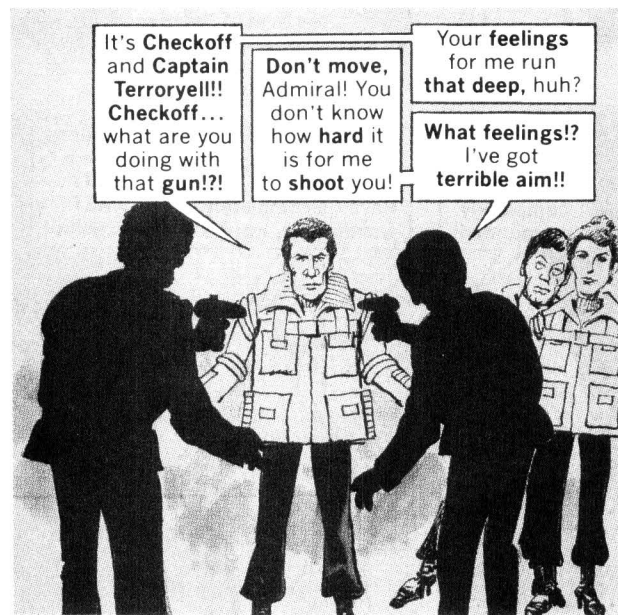
Hey, **Spotty!** What's wrong with the **trans-porter?**!

I WARNED you! I **TOLD** you the **Boobyprize** had only about **HALF** the **power** needed to beam you down there! But, did you **listen** to me? **No!** You **went** anyway!!



Spook on the **Boobyprize**—to **Admiral Curt** on **Irregular One!** The situation here is **getting worse!** We're losing **more power!** Right now, we've got **only enough** to **finish** beaming you **down...** and then just beam your **SHOES** back up!

Spook, these are your orders! If we are **unable** to **return** to the **Boobyprize** in **one hour...** **leave** without us! Take the ship to the nearest **star station** and call **All-Space Insurance!** Tell them all the damage was done in a **parking lot** while the crew was inside eating in a **restaurant!**



It's **Checkoff** and **Captain Terroryell!!** **Checkoff...** what are you doing with that **gun?**!

Don't move, Admiral! You don't know how **hard** it is for me to **shoot** you!

Your feelings for me run that **deep**, huh?

What feelings!? I've got **terrible aim!!**



Captain **Terroryell** just shot himself!

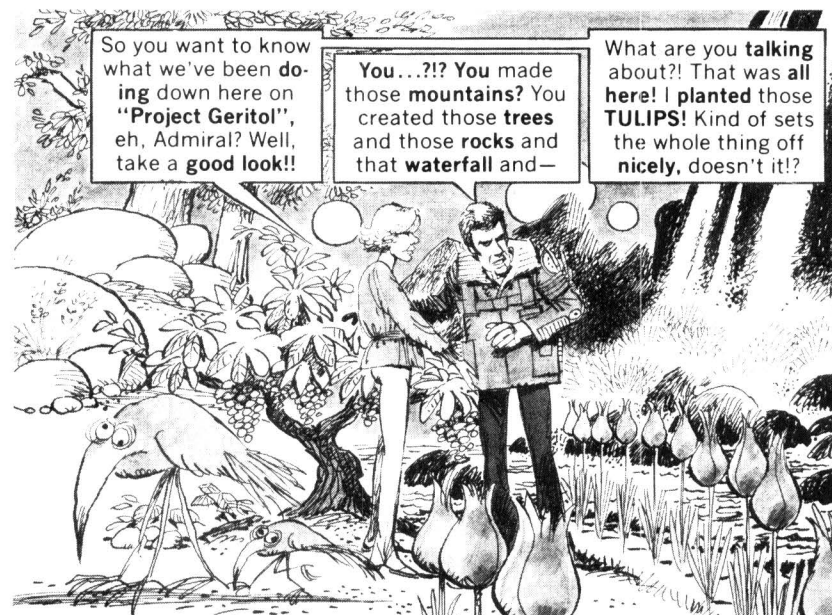
Boy, he has **worse aim** than **Checkoff!**



Checkoff seems to be coming back to his **senses** again!

Look what I found in his **ear**, Sir!

Hmmm! I **KNEW** something was **BUGGING** him...but **THIS** is absolutely **ridiculous!!**



So you want to know what we've been **doing** down here on "**Project Geritol**", eh, Admiral? Well, take a **good look!!**

You...!?!? You made those **mountains?** You created those **trees** and those **rocks** and that **waterfall** and—

What are you **talking** about?! That was **all here!** I **planted** those **TULIPS!** Kind of sets the whole thing off **nicely**, doesn't it!?



Okay, **Spook!** You can **beam** us back up now!

Beam us back up? But I thought the **Boobyprize** had a **TOTAL POWER FAILURE!!**

Let's call it a **little deception**, my dear...

I get it! To **fool** Korn!!

Yes, **partly** to **fool** Korn... but **mostly** to **fool** the **Inter-stellar Utility Company!** It keeps our **electric bills** **reasonable!**



Damage, Spotty?

No, thank you, Admiral Curt! We have plenty of it already!

Korn can easily outmanuever us, out-run us and out-gun us! And yet, you seem so UNWORRIED, Admiral!

Don't worry, Spook! We will come out on top in the long run! Korn isn't the ONLY one who can make a FANTASY come true!



I'm picking up a very strange energy source on Refinanced ...one that I've never seen before!!

Good Lord! They've set Geritol for detonation!

HOW dangerous IS Geritol!

VERY!! It's got the power of two million bottles of prune juice!!



Spotty! Get us OUT of here!!

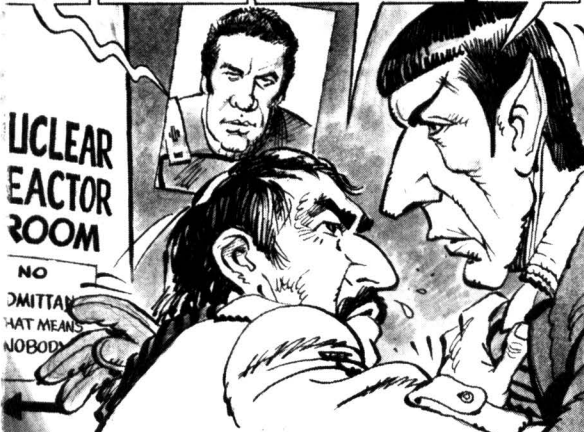
We're not going anywhere, Sir! The nuclear reactor is out!!

MR. SPOOK!! You can't go in there! There are fifty million-zillion units of radio-activity in there!

Don't worry, Mr. Spot! I've got gloves!

I fixed the reactor, Admiral! I—I think we're out of danger!

WE, yes! You...?! Don't ask!



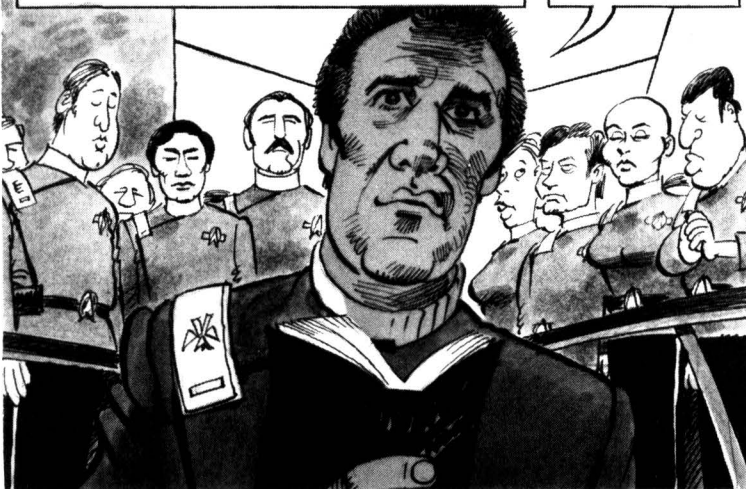
Well... there goes the WRECK of KORN! But he sure keeps on fighting—down to his last breath!

Just you wait, Admiral Curt! You're going to hear from my LAWYERS!



We are gathered to pay our respects to a very special human be—er...person—er...Vulgan! His heart was big, his mind was broad, his spirit was gigantic, and his ears—his ears—

Well, enough sentimentality! Fire his coffin into space!

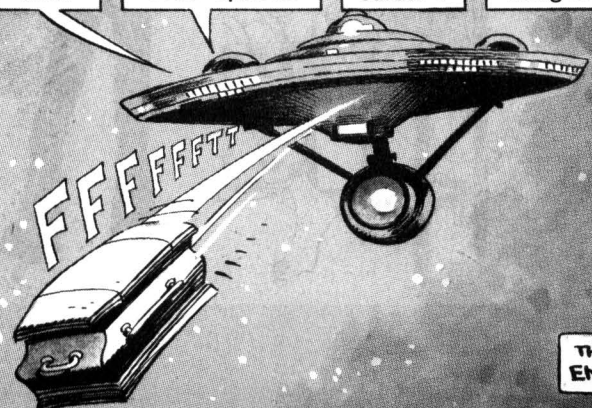


WHY did we kill him off in this movie, Sir???

He wanted to try other things! So far, the only thing he's got lined up is another "In Search Of..." episode!

"Leonard Nimoy ...In Search of an Acting Career"!

Don't worry! He'll be back for "Star Blecch III"! It's the only logical thing to do!



THE END?

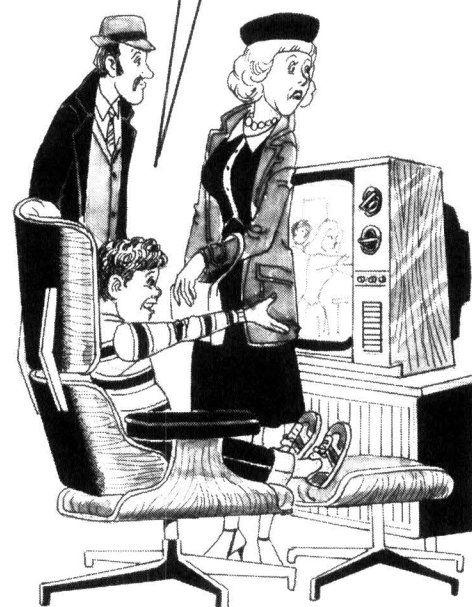
CLOCK WATCHING

What are you still doing up?
Do you know what time it is?

Yeah!

I doubt you do! Tell me—
exactly what time is it?

Half past
"Moonlighting"!



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTS

FIDELITY

Boy, you just can't trust any
of them! I've just found out
that Sue is a liar, a cheat,
and totally untrustworthy!

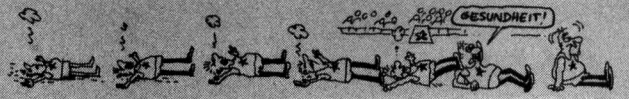
Why do
you
say
that?

She told me she was out
last night with her
girl friend Sherry!

So, how do
you know
she wasn't?

Because last night I
was out with Sherry!





FINANCES



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

INSECTS



CARS



Wow! This car sure has **starting power!**



It went from **zero** to a **fifty dollar fine** in a matter of **seconds!**

BRAGGING

We're so **proud** of our Judy! It's **wonderful** to have a **normal**, teenage daughter with **no hang-ups!**

Except when it comes to the **telephone...**

Then she **never hangs up!**



GIFT-GIVING

I want to buy a birthday present for my girl friend, but I don't know what to buy! Can you help me out?

Of course! What **type** of person is she?



ON-THE-JOB TRAINING

Terry, this is Elena! Today's her first day on the job, so show her around and teach her the ropes!

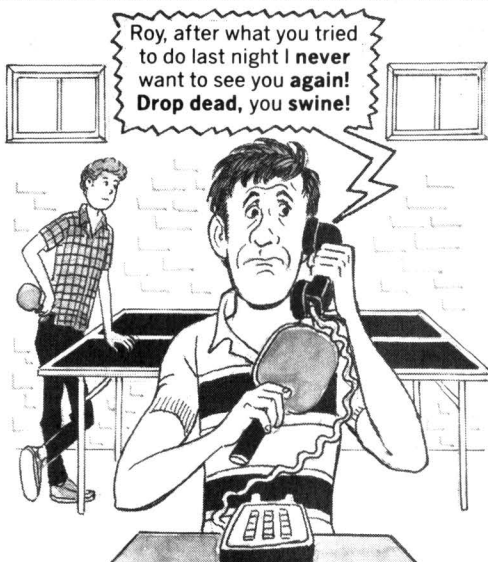
Sure thing, Mr. De Lucia! C'mon, Elena...

You'll soon learn this isn't the **safest job** in the world! There are several **occupational hazards!**

And here they are...



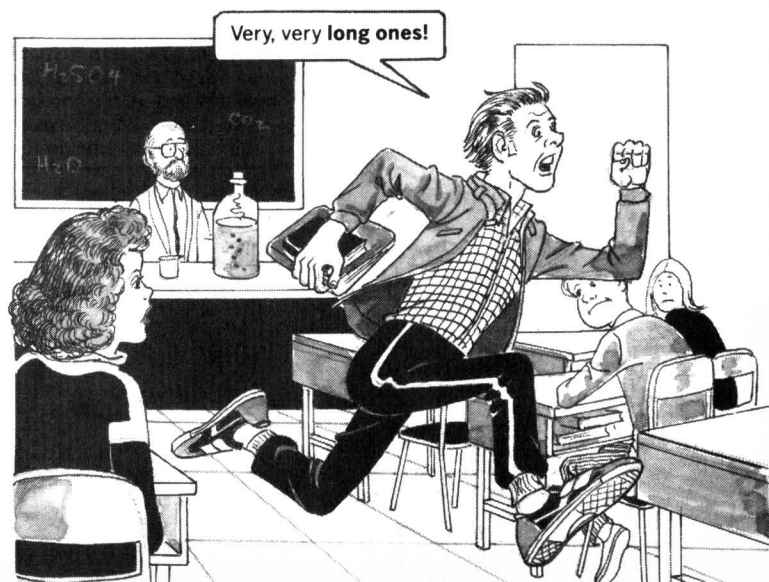
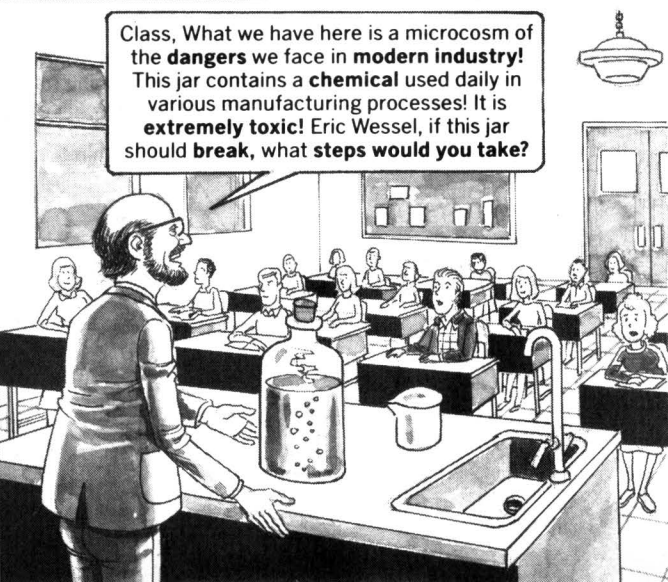
POPULARITY



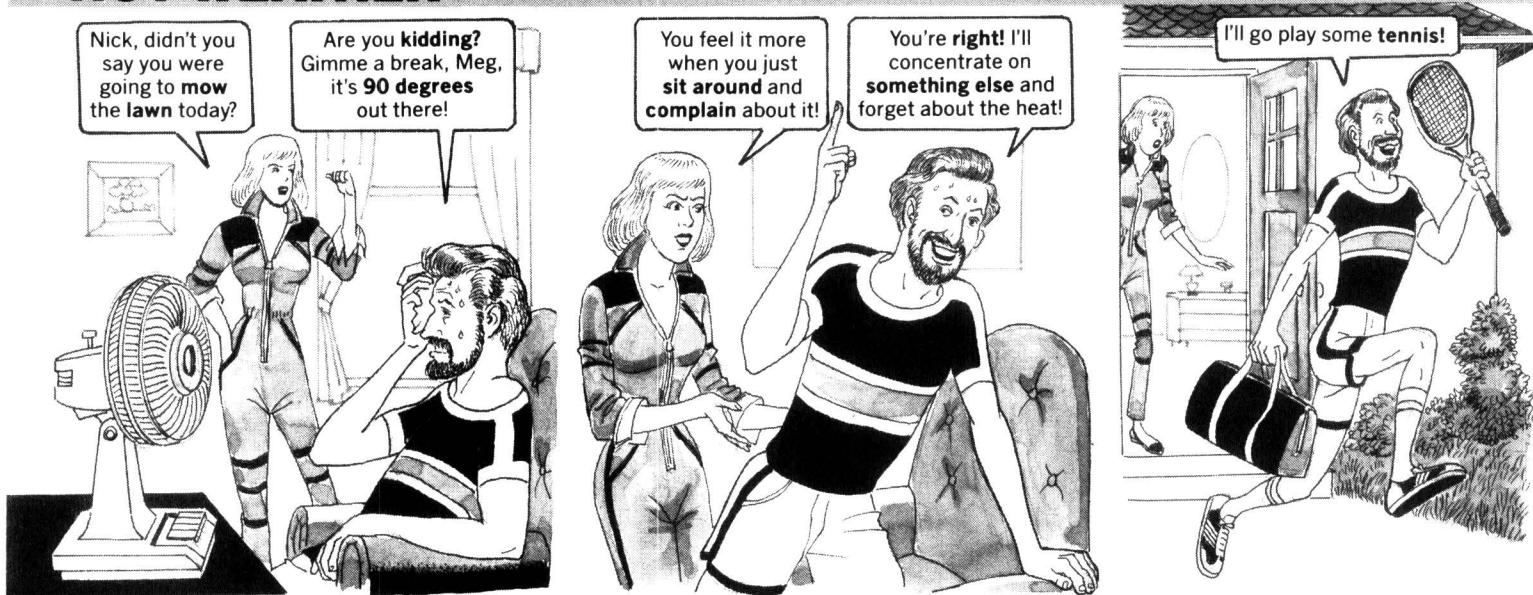
FADS



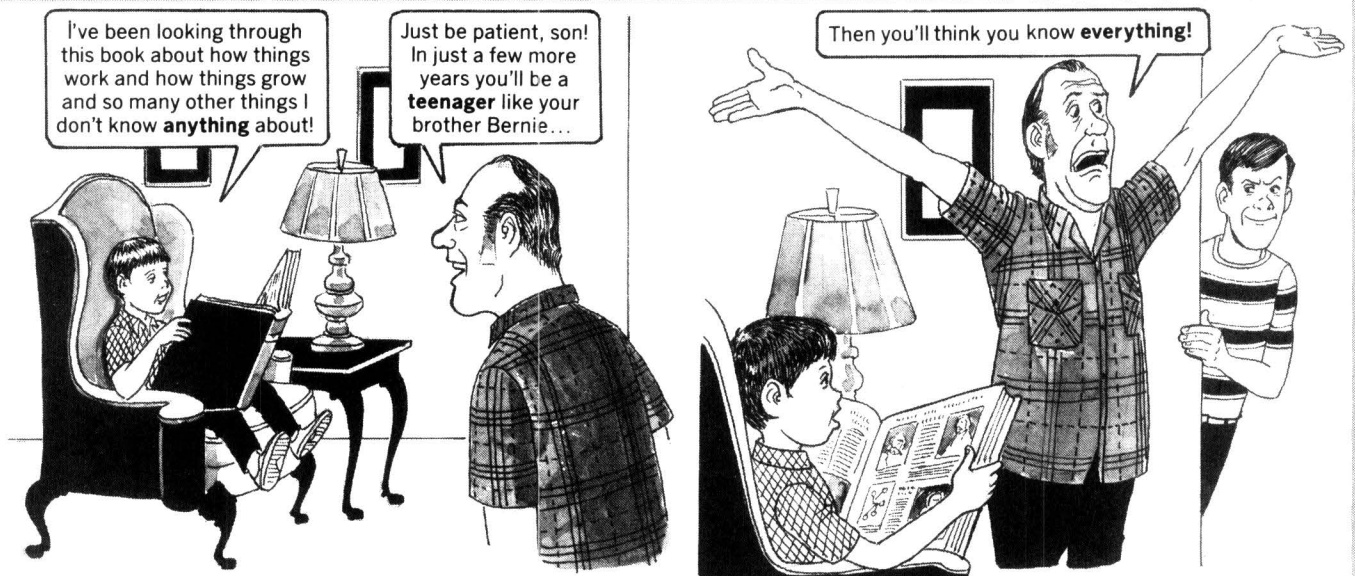
CAUTION



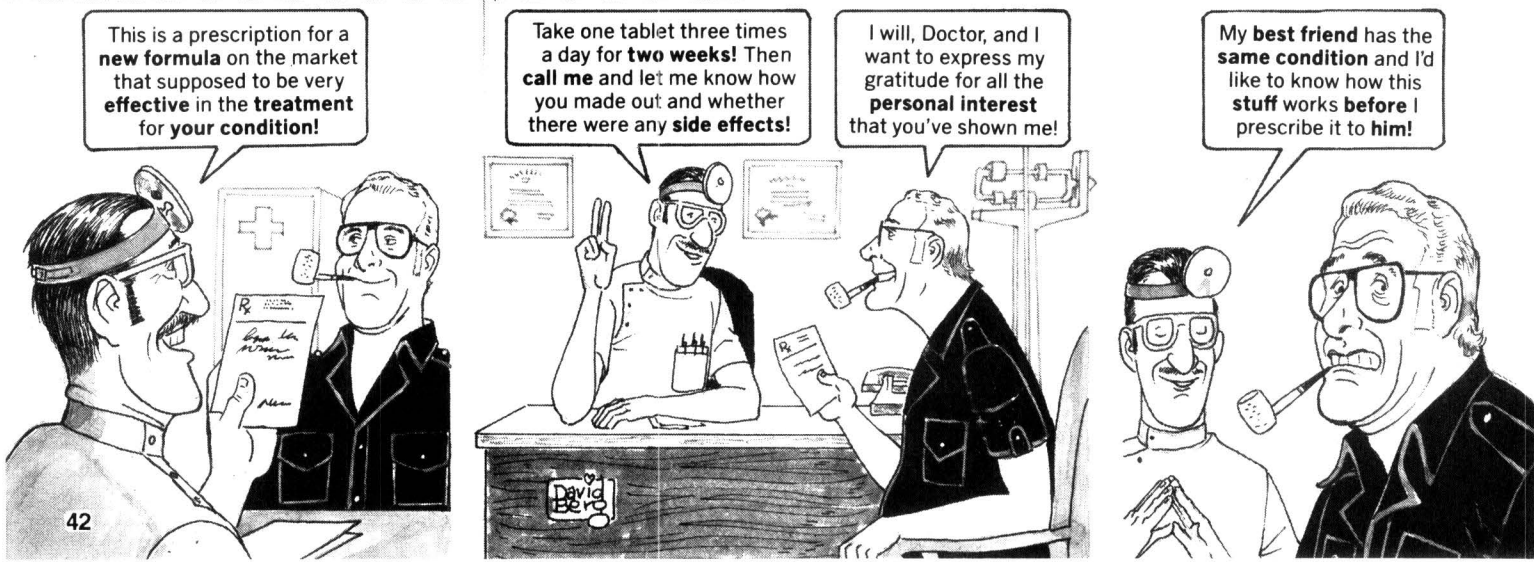
HOT WEATHER



KNOWLEDGE



DOCTORS



The average American spends more than ¼ of his waking hours in front of a TV set watching silly "entertainment"—a category that may not even include "Sixty Minutes" or "Wall Street Week." The worst thing about this waste of time is that it really isn't necessary. MAD has found that a mere handful of basic plots exist in all of television. Thus, with a little practice, anyone can guess how an hour-long story is bound to unfold after watching only the first two or three minutes of it. Obviously, plot-spotting is a desirable skill to master because it allows you to monitor your favorite shows while freeing you to do other things for 58 minutes out of every hour. So stick with us, and we'll demonstrate how to analyze the opening scenes of typical programs and turn them into

TV SHOWS YOU DON'T NEED TO FINISH WATCHING

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH

WRITER: TOM KOCH

Look, Darling! Another flunky . . . bowing and scraping before us! I think I'm just going to love being Mrs. J. Hartford Perlmeu III!

Yes, enormous wealth and high social position DO have their advantages, my Dear!

Well, if it ain't Trixie LaToosh . . . in the flesh . . . after all these years! How's tricks, Trixie . . . ?

Pamela, dear, who IS this slimy, creepish person??

I don't know! There's been some mistake!

Hey . . . whatever you say, Kiddo! But . . . think about it . . . !

INSTANT PLOT SUMMARY

Already, you can be sure that the bride, unbeknownst to her rich new husband, has a dark, hidden past in which she was either (a) a dance hall floozy, (b) an underworld gun moll or (c) a notorious unwed mother. Having been spotted by a slimy creep who knew her in her former questionable life, she will immediately become a target for blackmail. This naturally will force her to hire an expensive private eye for engaging in car chases, shooting most of the other guests in the hotel and winning the eventual forgiveness of her twerpish husband.

I'll bet I get a standing ovation tonight for hiring Schlipkus And His Trained Dogs to entertain at the Country Club Follies!!

How come you didn't give our fifth grade jazz combo a chance to try out first, Pa?

Because your father needed professional entertainers, Roscoe! You're just a bunch of kids horsing around!

Terrible news, folks! Bad weather has shut down the airport! Schlipkus And His Trained Dogs can't get here tonight!!

Holy mackerel! The show is due to start in an HOUR . . . and now we have no entertainment!

INSTANT PLOT SUMMARY

Even an idiot should guess this one, unless you're an idiot who wasn't paying attention when it was established that the neighborhood kids have a jazz combo. Now it's a sure thing that they will all be miraculously rushed to the country club on short notice. And even more miraculously, they'll all be wearing identical tuxedos. But most miraculous of all, the kids will play better than Benny Goodman in his prime. And this, of course, will set up the final happy scene where Dad receives the club's Golden Golf Shoe Award for his brilliant work as Entertainment Chairman.

Too bad the game went thirty-seven extra innings! Now we have to drive home at 4 A.M.!

Yeah . . . and down this deserted country road where everybody's asleep for miles around!



Oh-oh! Consarn! We're out of gas! Now we'll have to wait here till the milk truck comes through in the morning!

It's creepy, Paw! So . . . so quiet!! An' yet, I feel like somebody's WATCHIN' us!!



INSTANT PLOT SUMMARY

Obviously, a UFO is about to appear, because space creatures on TV always appear whenever they spot a stalled car on a deserted road at 4 A.M. That's so their victims will be laughing stocks when they report a flying saucer, but can't produce any witnesses. In fact, you can bet that nobody will believe the story except an eccentric college professor. In Act III, the professor will find a strange message engraved on a metal disc at the landing site. But the stupid cops will claim it's just a large "yo-yo" with Chinese printing on it, leaving the UFO mystery still unsolved.

You guys go on without me! I promised my wife I'd look up her uncle while I'm here at the convention!

Ahh, don't be a wet blanket, Sid! We've got reservations at the most exclusive nightclub in town!



Hey, THIS isn't an exclusive nightclub! This is a strip tease joint! I KNEW I shouldn't have come!

Ahh, don't be a wet blanket, Sid! It's "exclusive" because everything that goes on here is ILLEGAL!



INSTANT PLOT SUMMARY

This dull story has many variations, all of which seem alike. In the next scene, the "star" will be further embarrassed when a chorus girl either (a) falls in his lap, (b) coyly musses his hair or (c) throws him her garter. At that very moment, he will realize he's been spotted by (a) his wife's uncle, (b) his wife's minister or (c) his wife's minister's uncle. In the final hilarious scene, the star will either (a) beg his friends to vouch for him, (b) beg his wife to believe him or (c) beg his pet dog to share the mutt's sleeping place under the porch.

Hiring a convicted shop-lifter to be your stockroom boy really boosts our Juvenile Delinquent Rehabilitation Program, Mr. Bonwit! Thanks . . .!

I'm glad to help, Sergeant! A bright lad like Shifty shouldn't be penalized for making one small mistake!

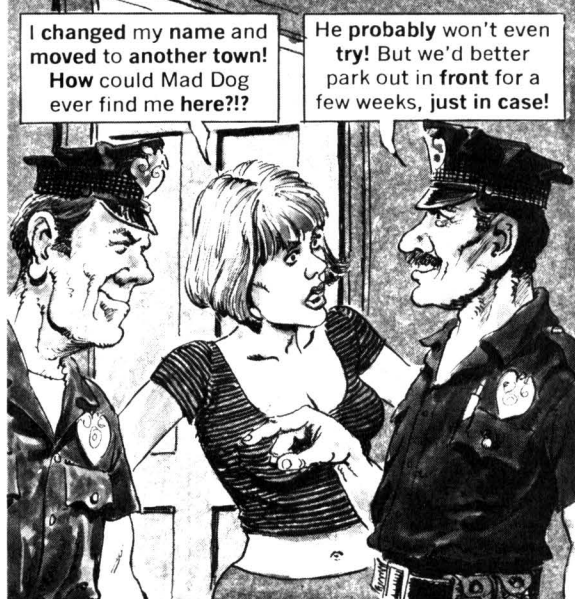


My purse disappeared . . . right off my desk! The thief had to be someone working in the stockroom! I've already called the Police!



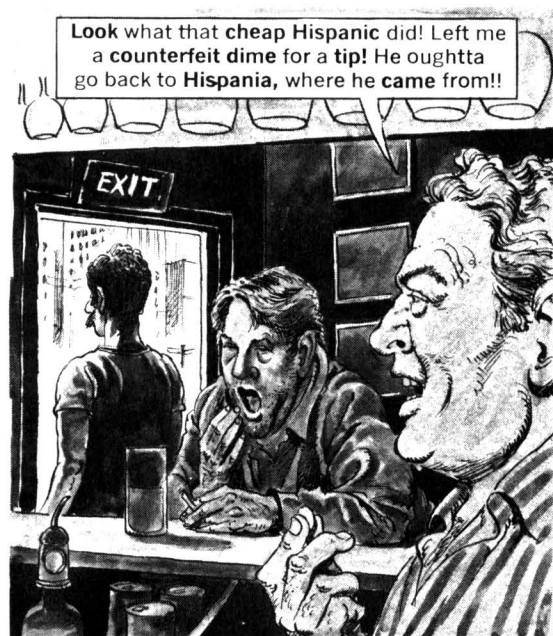
INSTANT PLOT SUMMARY

This tired idea invariably becomes a 3-act, one-hour story that no trained plot-guesser need waste time watching. In Act I, the cops will discover that a stockroom employee has a criminal record. In Act II, the clean-cut young parolee will be tossed in the slammer despite his plea of innocence. In Act III, his accuser will sheepishly admit she found her purse in her desk drawer where she left it. In the closing tag, the fine young lad is welcomed back to the store and appointed Manager of the Men's Belt and Suspender Department.



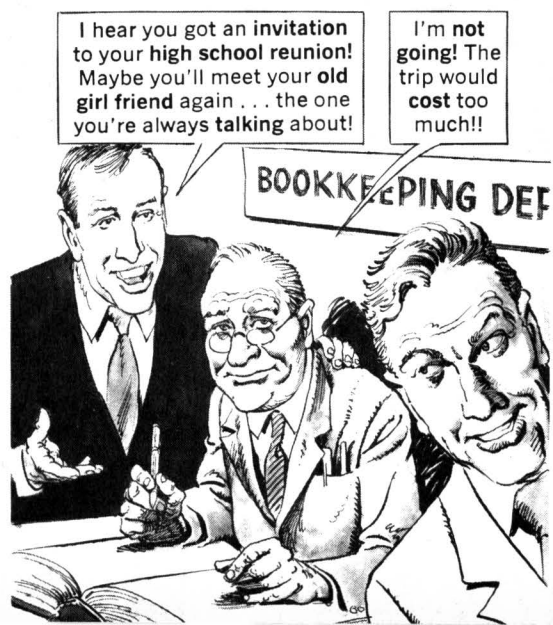
INSTANT PLOT SUMMARY

Naturally, Mad Dog won't even stop to change socks before he buys a gun and steals a car (or in a slight variation, steals a gun and buys a car) and arrives, seeking revenge. Also, naturally, the cops on stakeout will go to lunch ten seconds before he gets there. This will enable him to get inside the house and hold the woman hostage for half the show while the police, his Mother and an Irish priest try to reason with him by bullhorn. In the final scene, the co-stars — who defy a superior officer's orders — will capture him by coming up through the plumbing.



INSTANT PLOT SUMMARY

Since every comedy show in TV has had an episode in which the Leading Nerd finds a rare coin, you know that he always loses it by dumbly dropping it into a pay phone. Since this specific Nerd is also a funny bigot, you should also know that the phone repairman sent out to retrieve the coin is either (a) Black, (b) Puerto Rican or (c) most humorous of all, a Black Puerto Rican. This provides for some ethnic jokes before the Nerd loses his treasure again in the last act so the writers won't have to explain why he's still poor on the next week's show.



INSTANT PLOT SUMMARY

Most assuredly, the former Prom Queen will display her shallowness of character at the reunion by coming on strong for the married former captain of the football team. Meanwhile, our hero will hide in a corner where he will meet a shy female classmate hiding in the same corner. They will discover that they are both single. In addition, they share an interest in ecology, recorder music and checkers. In the last scene, they will become engaged just as the Prom Queen catches her bus back to Toledo, alone... where she is still a waitress and a divorced mother of eight.

A TRIVIAL PURSUIT DEPT.

Space...the exploitable frontier! These are the continuing efforts of the "Star Trek" movie Producers! Their mission: to seek out new Box Office smash hits; to explore new special effects and new gimmicks for merchandising revenue; to boldly go back to the well where they have already gone twice before...only this time, to come up with a movie sadly lacking in one vital element! Mainly,

STAR BLECH II: THE SEA

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

Friends, in "Star Blech II," Mr. Spook gave his life so that we all might live! Now, we have repaid him in the only honorable way possible, by shooting his body into space! Yes, we've sent him "Vulgan Express"...because we absolutely had to get him to the planet Genisick overnight! Spook was our friend...our companion...and our running gag! We shall miss him!!

I heard that Spook wanted to leave his body to Science!

Yeah, but Science wanted to give back the ears!!

Wow! His coffin hurled into space!! What a rough way to GO!!

If you think that's rough on Spook...what about his PALL-BEARERS?!? They're still clinging to the coffin!

Spook was a good man! He hated intergalactic evil and corruption of any kind!!

What makes you say that?

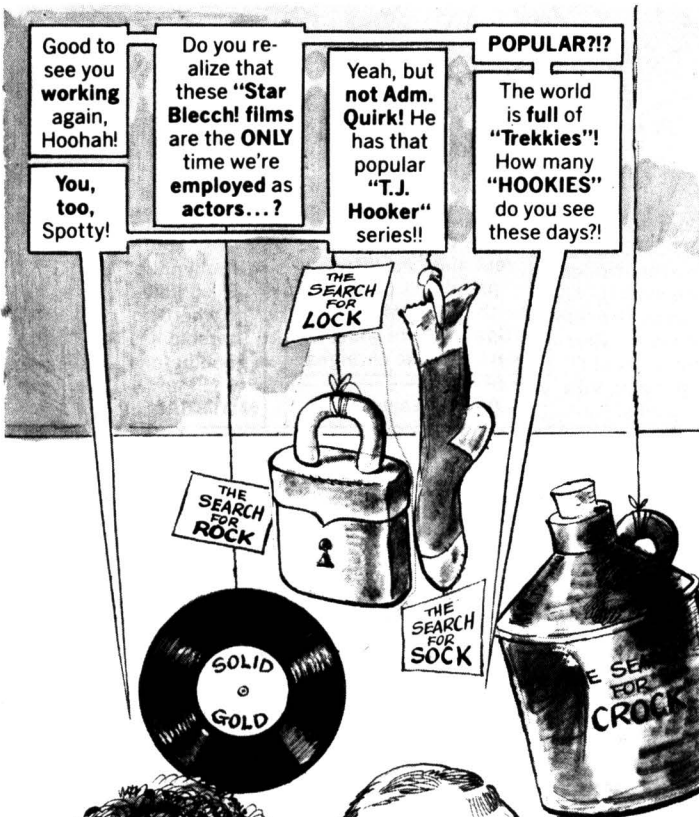
In his last will, he requested that his body be cremated...and his ashes thrown into Darth Vader's face!!



LECCH III

RCH FOR PLOT

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN



Something very strange, Admiral Quirk! I'm getting an energy reading coming from inside Mr. Spook's quarters!

What?? That's impossible! Spook is DEAD!

Gym! Help me! Why did you leave me on the planet Genisick... without any luggage...??

That's SPOOK! It... it's Mr. Spook's voice!

No, it's Bony McGoy! Bony, what are you DOING...?!

I'm doing Mr. Spook!

Wanna hear my Jack Nicholson? I also do Charles Bronson and a pretty fair Clint Eastwood! "Go ahead... make my day..."

Bony!! Have you gone MAD?!

I don't think so! They make millions in Vegas with Elvis impressions! I could clean up impersonating a recently dead cult figure like Spook!

Wow! Look at THAT!! Do you see what I see?

We sure do! It's the new Starship, "Exseltzer"... a sure-fire merchandising gimmick for our next sequel, "Star Blech IV"!

Sorry, Quirk I'm afraid that wear and tear have taken their toll! I have never seen such a battered hulk!

Please reconsider, Commander! I—I'll start using Grecian Formula! I'll start pumping iron! I'll start popping Vitamin C pills! I'll—

Not YOU, Quirk! It's your ship, the "Booby-prize"! It's become the Edsel of Outer Space! We're going to have to make changes!

Are you saying...??

Yes... the "Boobyprize" will boldly go where no Starship has gone before... into MOTHBALLS!

Quirk, I've come to find out why you sent my son's body to Genisick, when his family plot is on Vulcan?

His family plot?!

Yes He WAS to be buried in an Orthodox Vulcan cemetery! The relatives were there! We had a Deli platter—

Besides, my son Spook is not completely dead!

Not completely dead?! Isn't that like being a little bit pregnant?

My son's BODY is on Genisick, but his SPIRIT is HERE! And I'd like them to be TOGETHER! I'm a nut on neatness!!

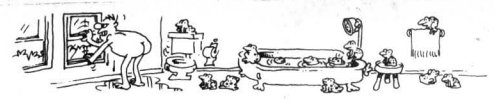
May I Join your mind?

What IS this?

A Vulcan mind-melt! I'm trying to figure out where his spirit voice comes from!

I... I don't understand!!

Quirk, this film offers adventure, fun and some neat special effects! Why nit pick over "understanding"? Besides, I think the answer lies on Genisick...



Lt. Slavic and Davey Mockup of the Survey Team... reporting back to Starbase!!

Report location! Are you on the planet Genisick? Over...

Not sure! There's nothing here but **cemeteries, strange crawling things, and a temperature that's decreasing from tropical to freezing...**

Quick Come back! You've landed in **Miami Beach!!**

Look!! A BABY...

Unbelievable! The "Genisick Effect" has regenerated a life form! It's—it's a BABY CAPTAIN SPOOK...!!

And he's AGING RAPIDLY! He's going from INFANCY... to BOYHOOD...

But... Why is he SCREAMING??

He's going through PUBERTY!

Is it THAT painful?

Only TWELVE SECONDS of PUBERTY? Wouldn't YOU scream?!

ARRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGHHHH...

Every seven years, the Vulcan male must endure pain!

How can we stop this torture!

He says there's only one way!! Get into the back seat of a space ship with him...!!

Spook may be dead, but PARTS of him are still very much alive....!!

Good news, Bony...! You're NOT a candidate for the Federation Funny Farm!

Then why am I acting like a reject from "The Exorcist"?

I'll explain! Before he died, Spook was able to transfer HIS mind into YOUR body!!

Is that the famous "Mind-Melt" developed by the Vulgans??

Yes... and perfected by an ancient Earthling named Reverend Moon!

Isn't this terribly out of line, Admiral... stealing the "Boobyprize" against Federation orders...?

It's the only way, Zulu! Our mission is to zoom to the planet Genisick, pick up Spook's body, and bring it back to his home on Vulcan...!!

Some come-down! Once we were the greatest Starship in the fleet! Now we're nothing but a HEARSE!

The Supership "Exseltzer" is in pursuit of us! Give me IMPULSE POWER, Mr. Spott...!!

You've got it, Sir...!

Give me WARP SPEED!!

You've got it, Sir...!

Give me NEW LINES!!

I CAN'T DO that, Sir!

Please!! I've been giving these same command words for years, and I'm bored stiff with them! I MUST have new dialogue!

I'm an Engineer... NOT a Magician!! I CAN'T perform miracles!!

Admiral Quirk... this is **Commander Crude** of the Kingkongs! I **command** you to **surrender**!

I'll never do that!

Then you will **PERISH**!

You Kingkongs **cannot** win against the Federation! It's like banging your head against a brick wall!

You fools! Banging our heads against brick walls is our **specialty**!!

Quirk, unless we get the **secret** of Genisick, I am going to kill one of these **hostages**! Which one will it be? The girl...? Your son...? Or the **Vulgan** male...?

Is there **no limit** to your **evil**, Commander Crude...? First you are a **treacherous villain**... and now, you're a **sleazy Game Show Host**!!



Admiral, the **Kingkongs** are **boarding** our ship!!

Let them board, Spotty! We have **goodness** and **decency** on our side!

But they'll **KILL** us!!

In **that** case go to **Plan B**!

What's that...?

When **goodness** and **decency** just aren't enough...

... use **TRICKERY** and **DECEIT**! Set the ship to **self-destruct** while we escape by beaming down to **Genisick**...!!



Crude, I've **lost** my **SON** and my **SHIP**! This has **NOT** been a **good** day for my **Star Log** entry!!

I've got a score to settle with **YOU TOO**, Quirk! **Choose** your **weapons**: phasers, photon torpedoes, germ warfare...

How about plain, old-fashioned **FISTS**...?

EXCELLENT!! In an epic filled with **glitzy** million dollar effects, at last a **FRESH IDEA**...!!



There!! That takes care of **ONE** maniac!

Now, let me at the **other one**... the **Weather Forecaster**... who predicted **'PARTLY CLOUDY'** for this planet!!





Mr. Spook is barely alive!

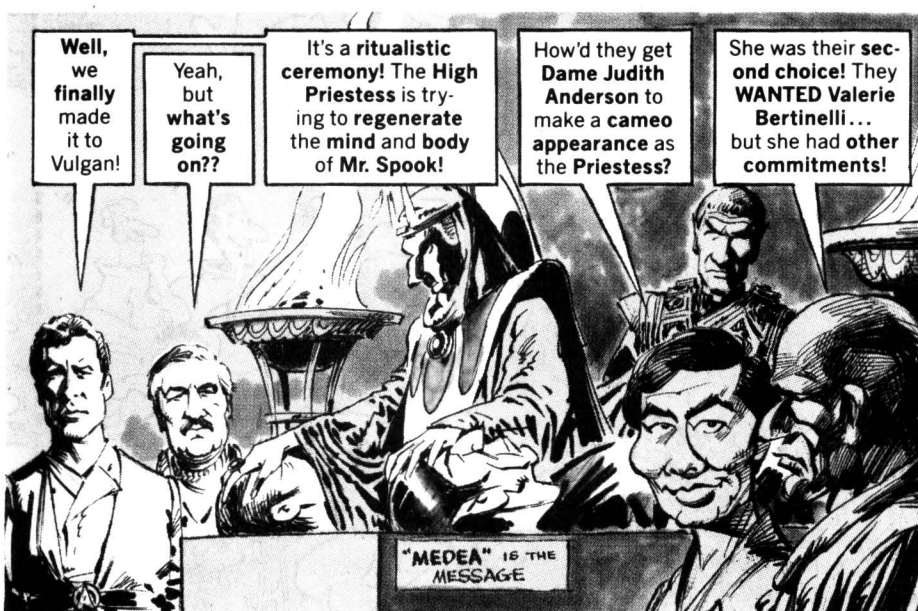
Our only hope is to zoom him to the planet where he rightfully belongs!



Where ARE we...?

Where you rightfully belong! This is "The Planet Of The Sequels"!!

Not THIS!! Not yet! Set a course for Vulkan...!!



Well, we finally made it to Vulkan!

Yeah, but what's going on??

It's a ritualistic ceremony! The High Priestess is trying to regenerate the mind and body of Mr. Spook!

How'd they get Dame Judith Anderson to make a cameo appearance as the Priestess?

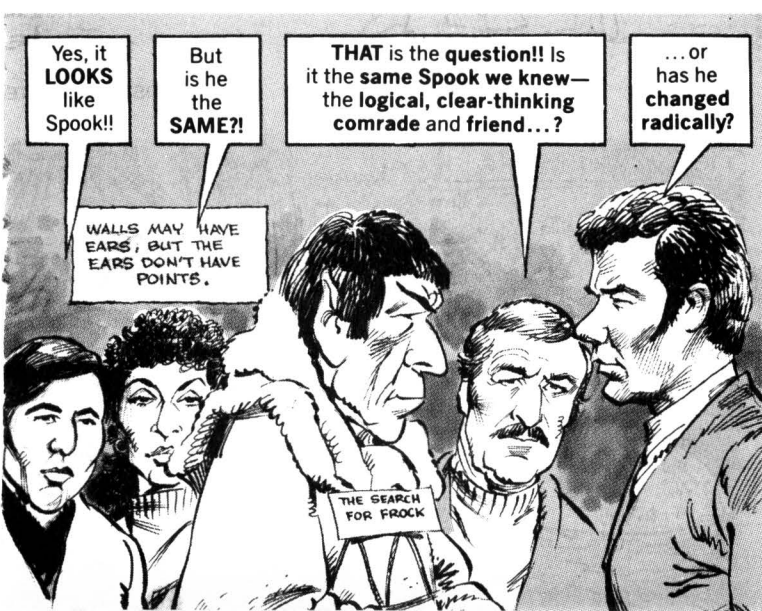
She was their second choice! They WANTED Valerie Bertinelli... but she had other commitments!

"MEDEA" IS THE MESSAGE



We're his friends! Level with us! How is he...?

Remember back in 1970... "Old Blue Eyes" came back?!? And then in 1975... "Sedaka is back!"?!? Well, it's 2297... and now SPOOK IS BACK!!



Yes, it LOOKS like Spook!!

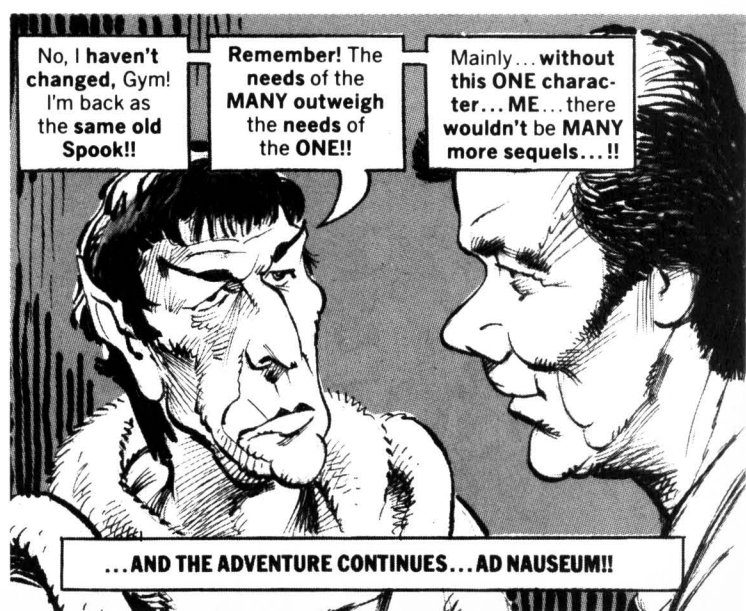
But is he the SAME?!

THAT is the question!! Is it the same Spook we knew—the logical, clear-thinking comrade and friend...?

...or has he changed radically?

WALLS MAY HAVE EARS, BUT THE EARS DON'T HAVE POINTS.

THE SEARCH FOR FROCK



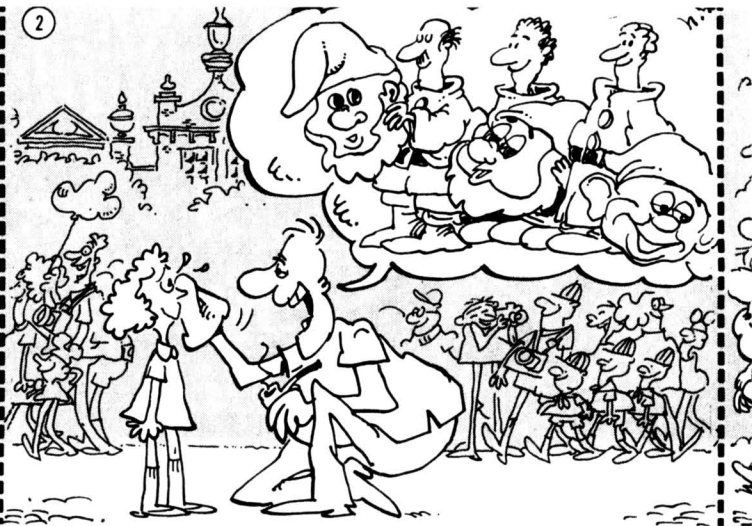
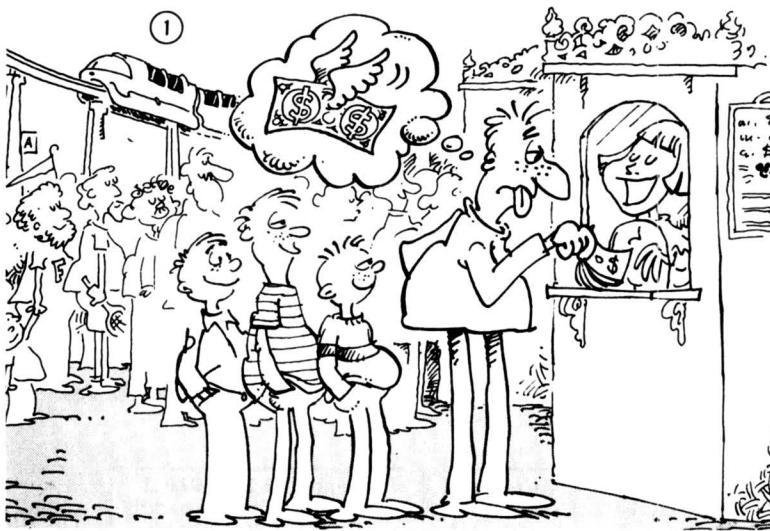
No, I haven't changed, Gym! I'm back as the same old Spook!!

Remember! The needs of the MANY outweigh the needs of the ONE!!

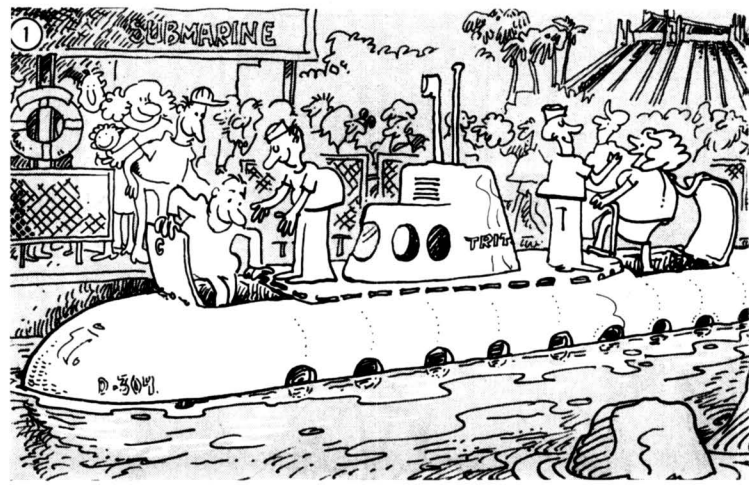
Mainly... without this ONE character... ME... there wouldn't be MANY more sequels...!!

... AND THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES... AD NAUSEUM!!

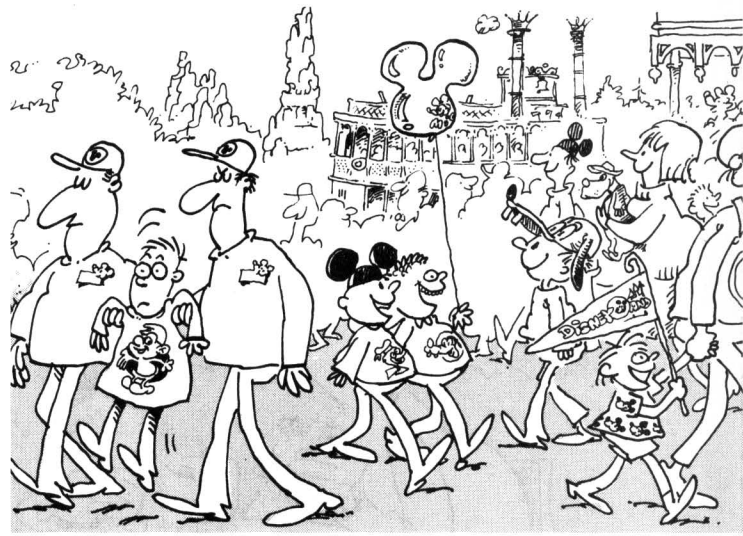
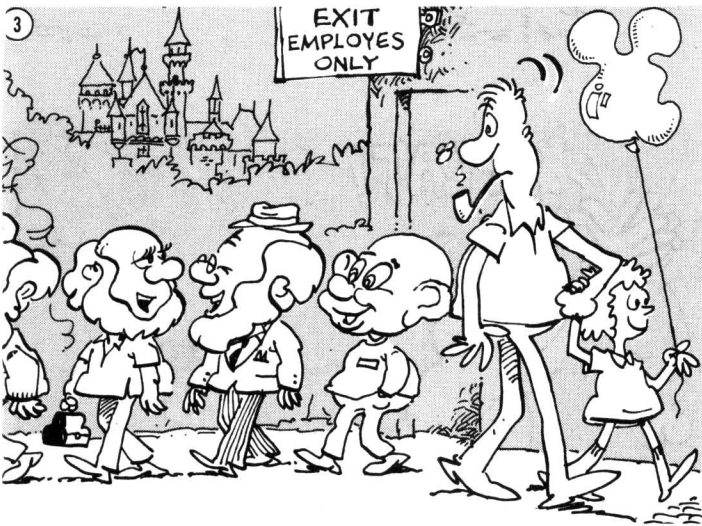
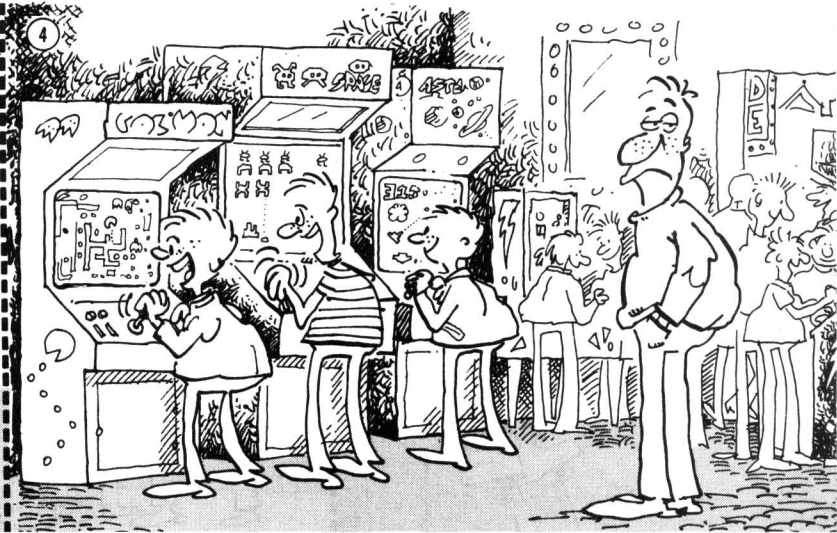
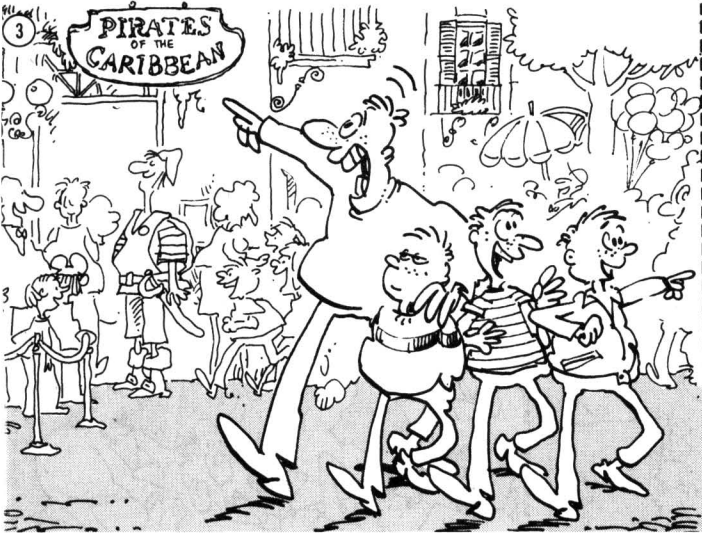
A MAD LOOK AT THE DISNEY



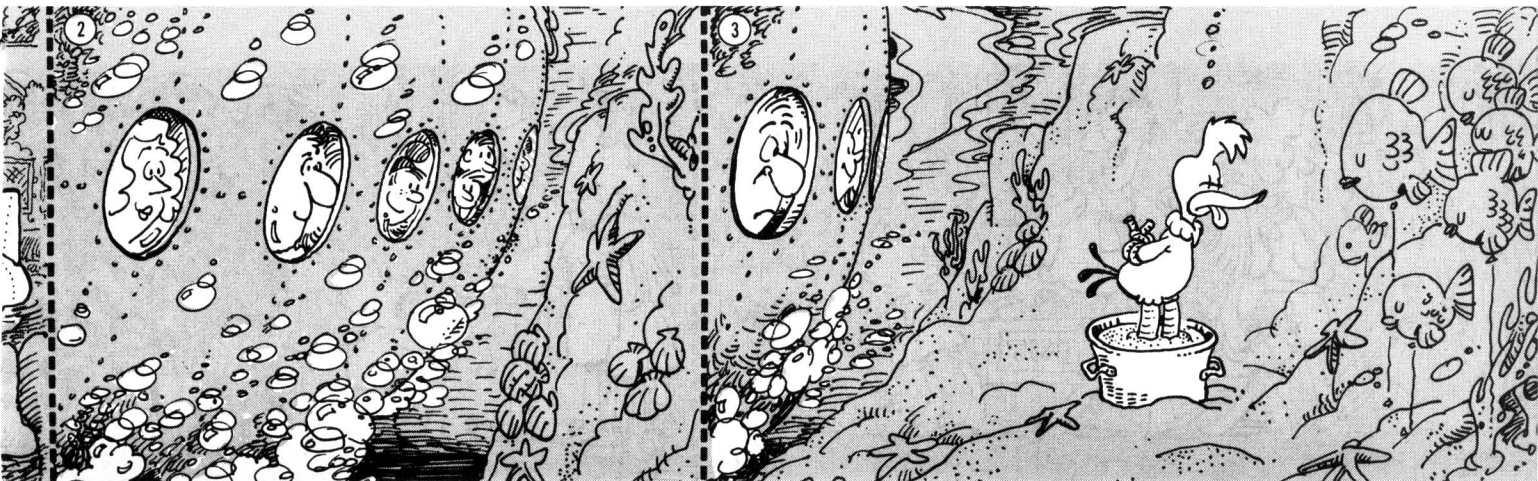
ARTIST AND WRITE

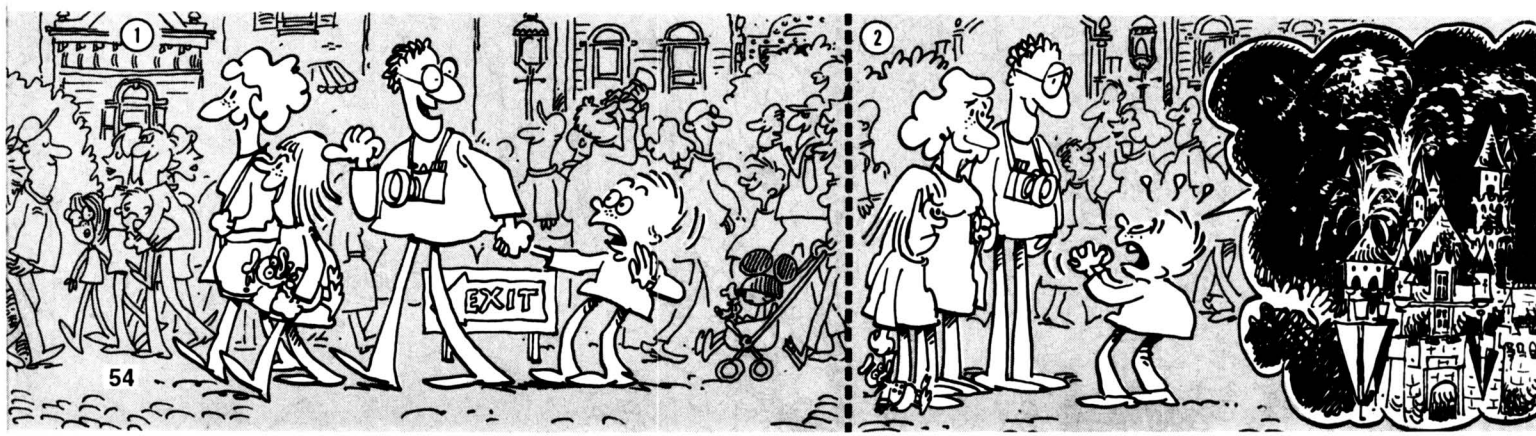
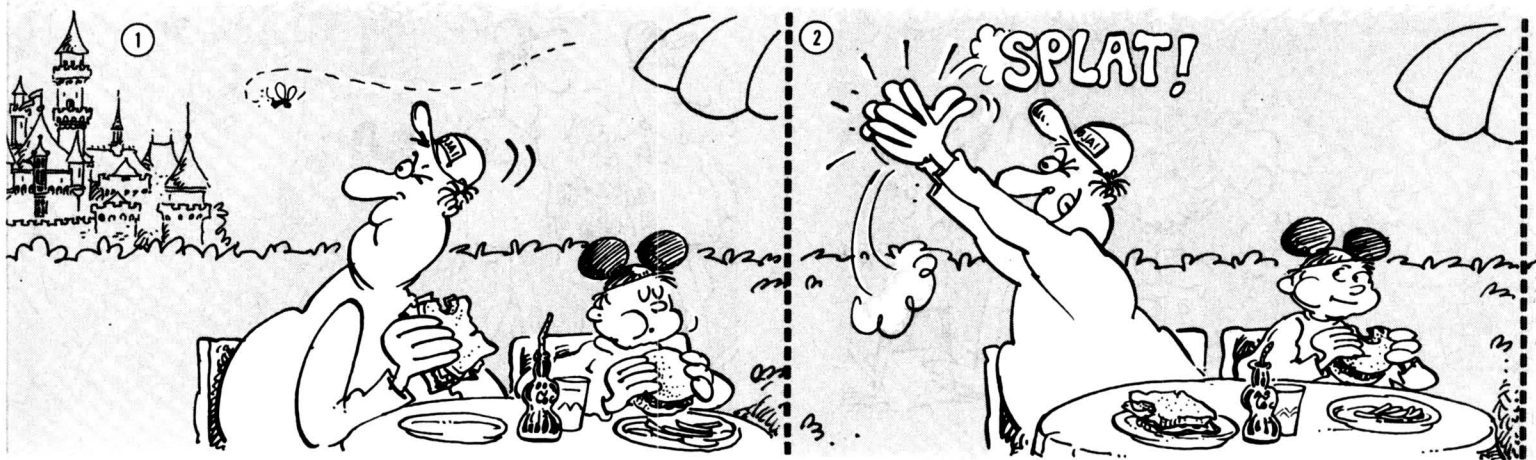


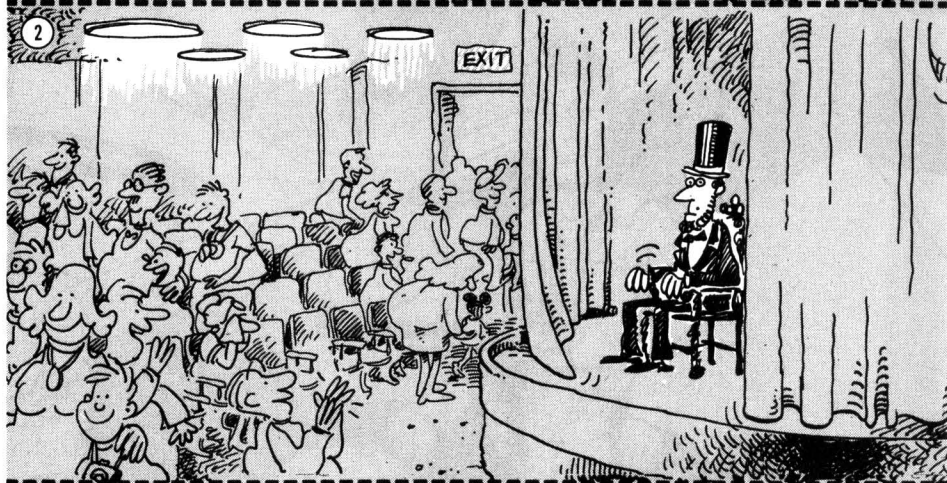
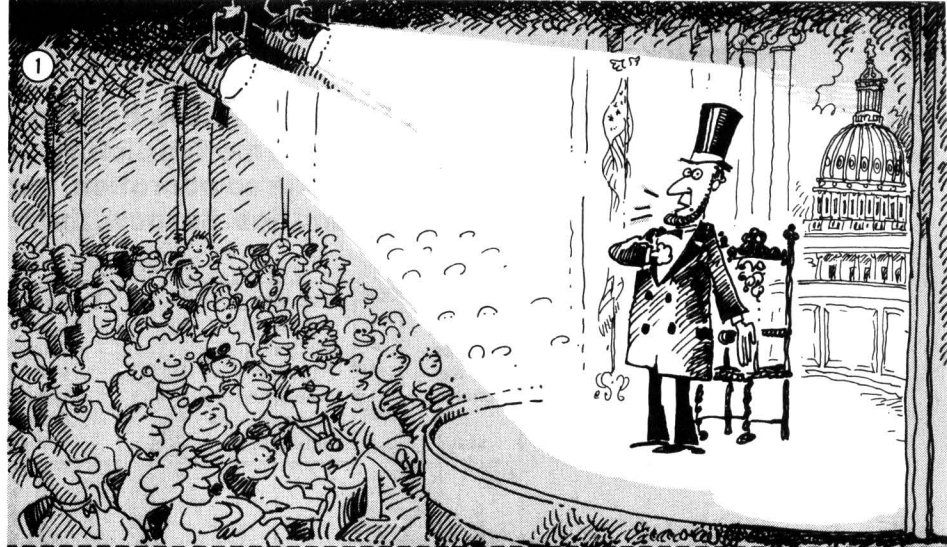
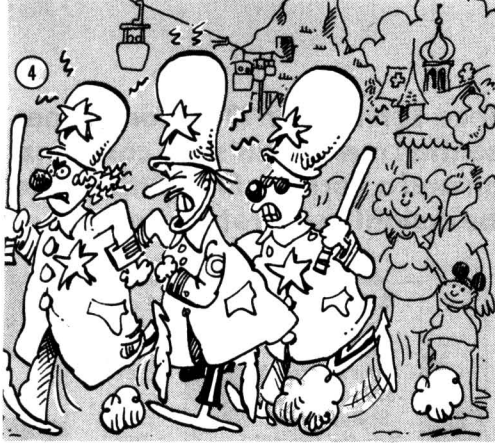
WORLDS



SERGIO ARAGONES







Admiral's Log—Stardate: 8756½. We have been in space since Earth-year 1966—on prime-time TV, in syndication and in three motion pictures, not to mention merchandising, cartoons, and arcade games. We have endured adoration, exploitation and a horrible first film. Yet we go on, resisting age, wrinkles and flab. But now, the end may be in sight as we return home in ...



We have a **choice!** We can return to Earth and be **court-martialed** and **executed** for **mutiny, treason** and wanton **destruction** of a **sequel** or we can remain here, marooned on **Vulcan!**

What happens if we choose to **stay?**

We'll spend the rest of our days living the life of a **free-wheeling Vulcan**—like **Schlock**, here.

Some choice! Either way we lose! I choose **Earth!** At least **death** is more interesting than **terminal boredom!**

Spotty, have you seen any **Vulcan TV?** Their top-rated show is "**Life-Styles of the Dull and Inert!**"

Earth once had TV like that! It was called **PBS!**

Centuries ago, Vulcan was called "**The Dead Planet!**"

You can't beat **ancient wisdom!**

Hello, **Admiral!**

Schlock, I'm your old comrade! Call me **Jim!**

And I'm **director** and **co-writer** of this film! Call me **SIR!**

HU-PERSON BEING.

ΕΙΡΗΝΗ

DRUCKER

DRUCKER

STAR BLECCH IV

THE VOYAGE BOMBS

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

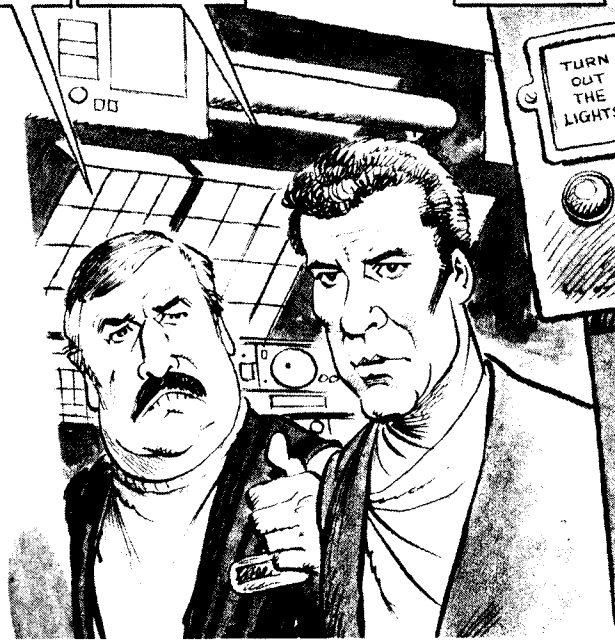
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Admiral, this ship still has the stench of Kingkongs!

That's because Kingkong ships don't have restrooms!

No restrooms?! Then what shall we do on our voyage home?

We'll just have to go where no man has gone before!



Mr. President, Earth is being attacked by an unstoppable Alien Probe!

I know! The Vegas line has made Earth a 22-point underdog!

What shall we do!

I don't know about you, but I'm betting everything I've got on the Probe!



Admiral, we're getting distress signals from the West Coast of the United States!

What do they say?

I can only make out two words: "SURF'S UP!"



Conclusion, Mr. Schlock?

Such as?

Earth is being threatened by an alien probe seeking life forms that no longer exist on the planet.

Honest politicians, trustworthy repairmen, quarterbacks who stay in the pocket and a tin man with a heart!



The probe is emitting a terrifying groaning sound!

Can we identify it?

The computer gives us two choices! It's either whale talk or a recording of a rock star from the 1980's named David Lee Roth!

Tough choice! Let's see pictures of extinct whales!

You mule-eared ninny! That's the Prince and Princess of Wales! I thought you Vulcans were intellectual giants!

Yes, but we're lousy spellers!

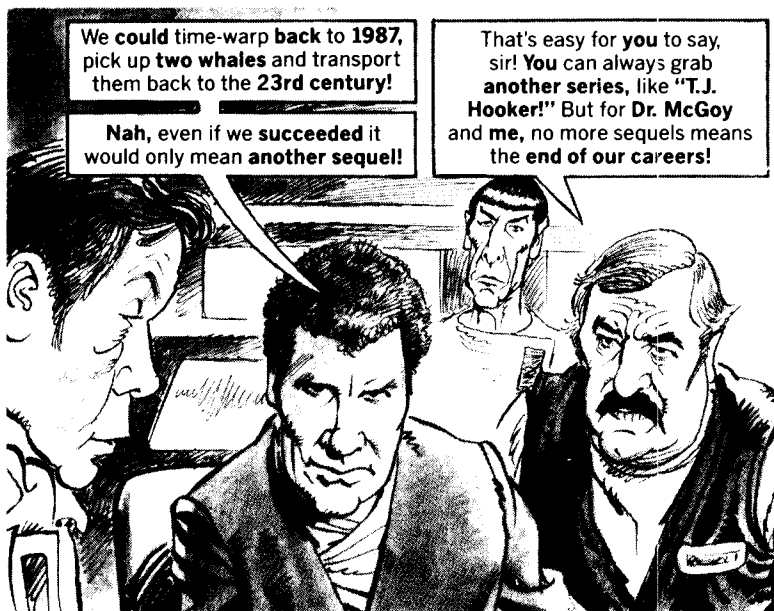


We could time-warp back to 1987, pick up two whales and transport them back to the 23rd century!

Nah, even if we succeeded it would only mean another sequel!

That's easy for you to say, sir! You can always grab another series, like "T.J. Hooker!" But for Dr. McGoy and me, no more sequels means the end of our careers!

Very well! Using the "slingshot effect," we'll shoot around the sun and zoom backwards in time! If nothing else, we'll get a gorgeous tan!



WHOOOSH!



We've landed among a bunch of wild, lawless Kingkongs!

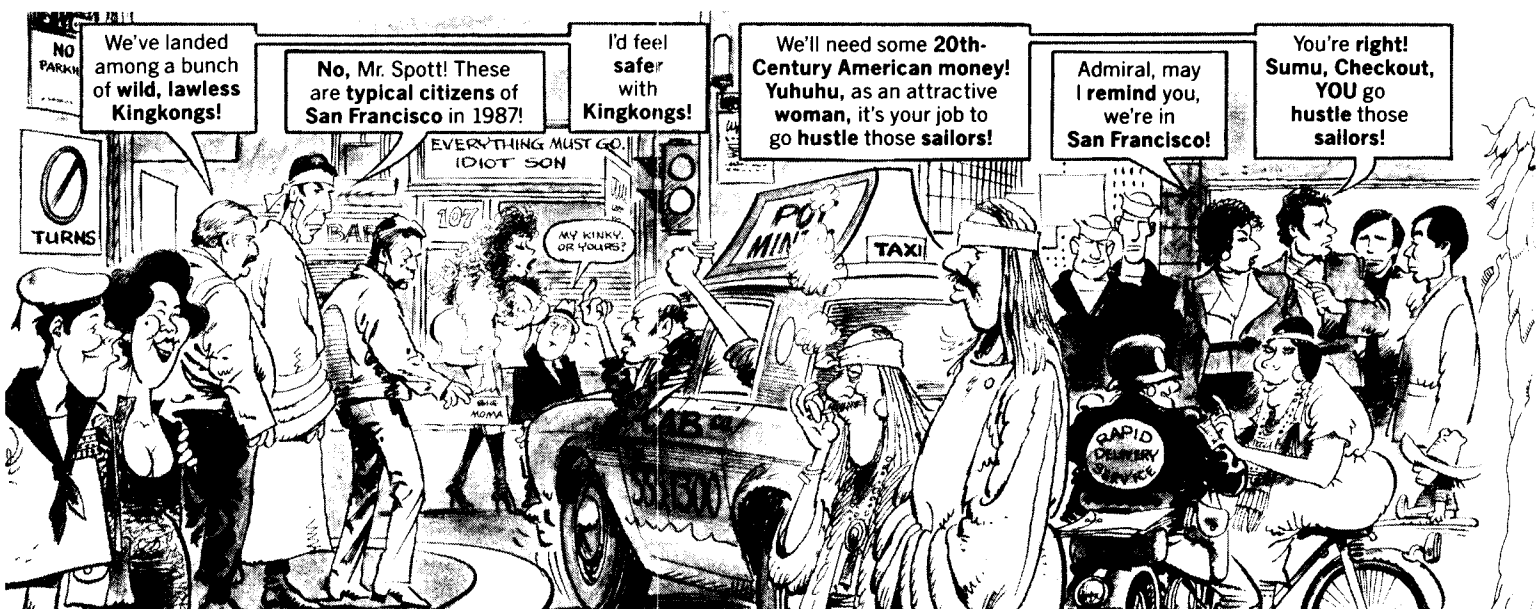
No, Mr. Spott! These are typical citizens of San Francisco in 1987!

I'd feel safer with Kingkongs!

We'll need some 20th-Century American money! Yuhuhu, as an attractive woman, it's your job to go hustle those sailors!

Admiral, may I remind you, we're in San Francisco!

You're right! Sumu, Checkout, YOU go hustle those sailors!





We need exact change for the bus, so I changed a \$50 bill with that honest-looking man!

Interesting! This coin says "Wheaties NFL Stars" and has a portrait of someone named "Walter Payton"!

Mine shows "Joe Montana"! I believe they were both U.S. Presidents!

Your knowledge of history is impressive!

These whales are named Gorge and Greasy! I'm Galleon Tailfin, a leading whale expert!

How big are the whales?

Real big! Some are even bigger!

Do they have human characteristics?

We think they do except when they don't, but even when they don't, we think they do!

What's Galleon's background?

Writing speeches for Ron Reagan!

What's your friend doing with Greasy?

He's communicating with her through a Mind-Melt! He has unusual powers!

But he's blowing in her ear!

He's also kind of kinky!

I've taught Gorge and Greasy everything they know!

Then you're aware Greasy is pregnant!

...everything except birth control!

What's more, Gorge is denying he's the father!

It's true! Whales do have human characteristics!

SAVE THE WHALES SO THEY CAN SAVE US LATER!

HUG A WHALE

I feel you're hiding something from me, Jim!

Okay, I'll level with you! I command a space-ship in the 23rd Century, which has returned through time to save Earth from extinction!

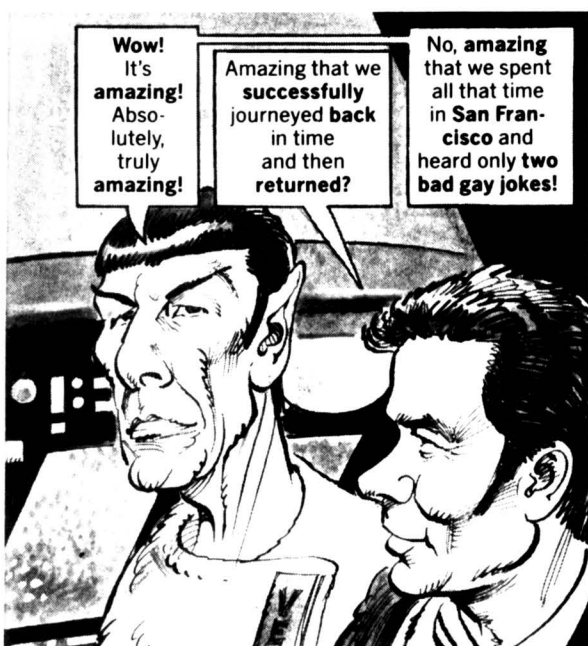
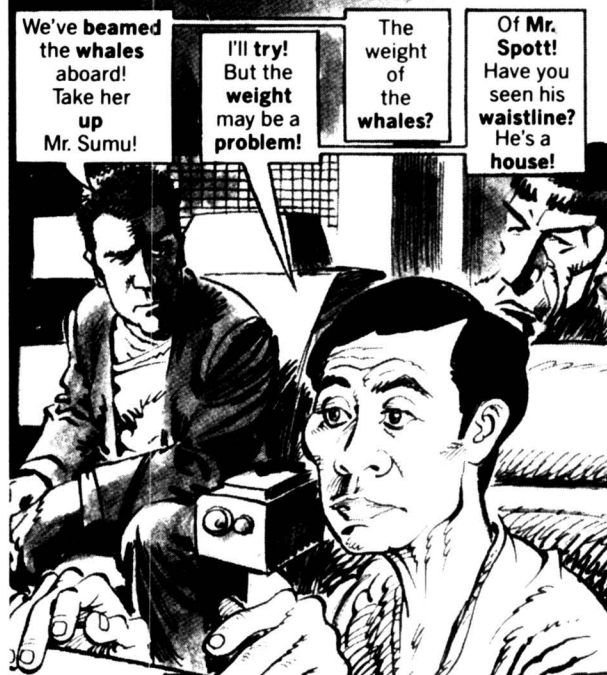
What a relief! I thought you were going to tell me you were married!

I couldn't get the plexiglass for the whale tank unless I gave the dealer something in return!

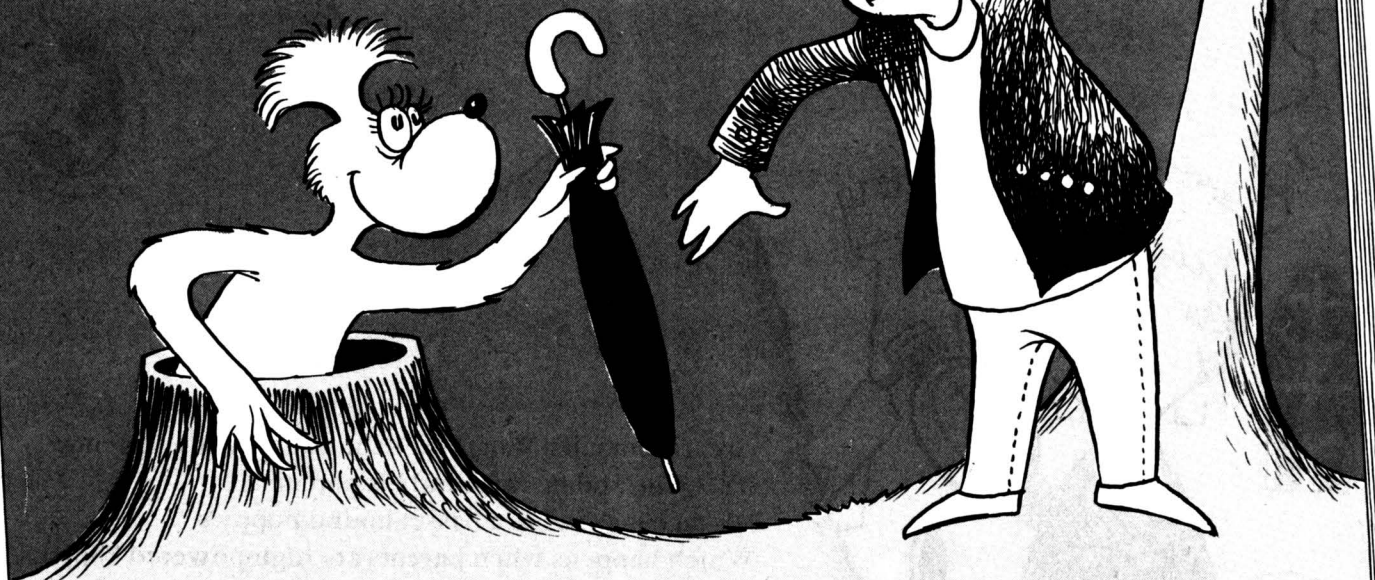
What did you give the guy?

Two phasers, a case of photon torpedoes, a Romulon torture kit and free passes to the April 2288 Guron Film Festival!

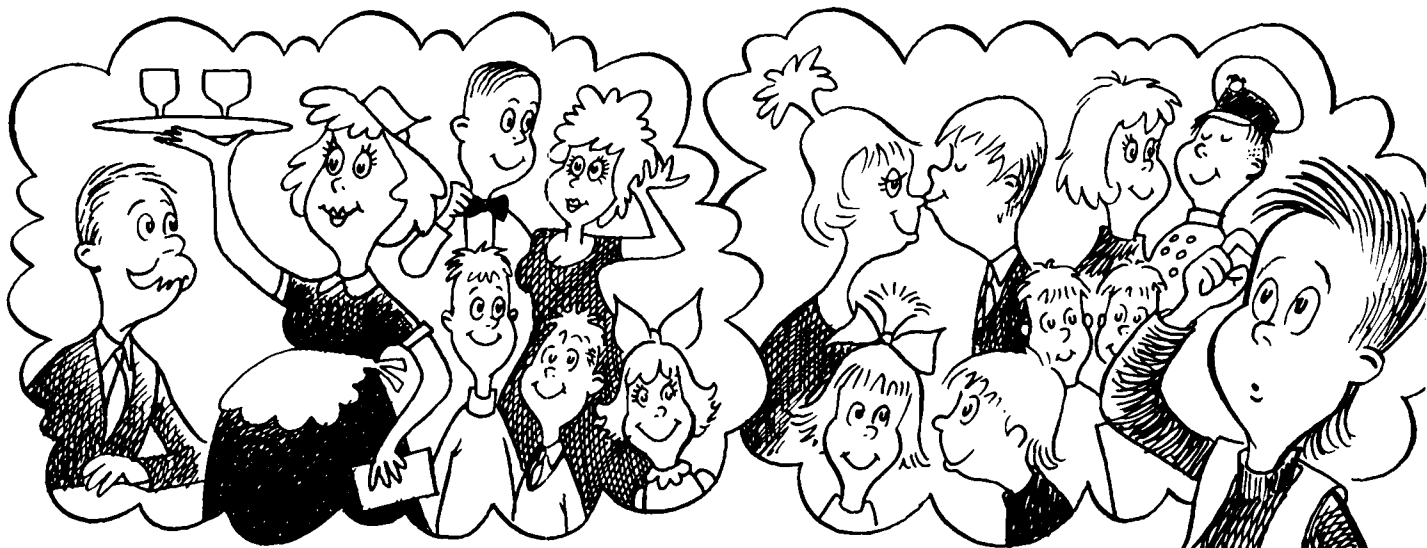
Good, just so long as you didn't blow our cover!



The Real-Life, TELL-IT- LIKE-IT-IS Dr. Seuss



The story's for kids who once dug Dr. Seuss,
But now feel that his tales have no practical use;
So let's hope that these pages are more on the mark,
With rhymes by FRANK JACOBS and pics by BOB CLARKE!



This mixed-up young fellow is Gregory Green,
 Whose folks were divorced when he'd just turned 13.
 His Dad's very keen on a Waitress, Doreen,
 Once the wife of Eugene, who's now wed to Maxine.
 His Mom lives with Dean, on the outs with Eileen,
 Who brought home a Marine whom she met in Racine.
 Doreen has three kids, Elmer, Gus and Irene,
 And may soon have a fourth, if you know what we mean.
 While Dean has two daughters, Pauline and Francine,
 Also two sets of twins from his first wife, Colleen.
 If you now understand this bewildering scene,
 Then we hope you'll explain it to Gregory Green!



Great Gumballs! Whatever's the matter with Clarence?
 It's 7 p.m. and he can't find his parents!
 His face is as sad as a basset-hound puppy's,
 Which happens when parents are high-powered Yuppies.
 His Dad, if you please, is a very big cheese,
 Making millions in fees from long trips overseas.
 His Mom's on the go, a VP, don't you know,
 Pulling down lots of dough for a big TV show.
 Their faces young Clarence can barely remember;
 The last time he saw them was back in September.
 He's now so fed up with this lonely routine
 That he'd even trade places with Gregory Green!



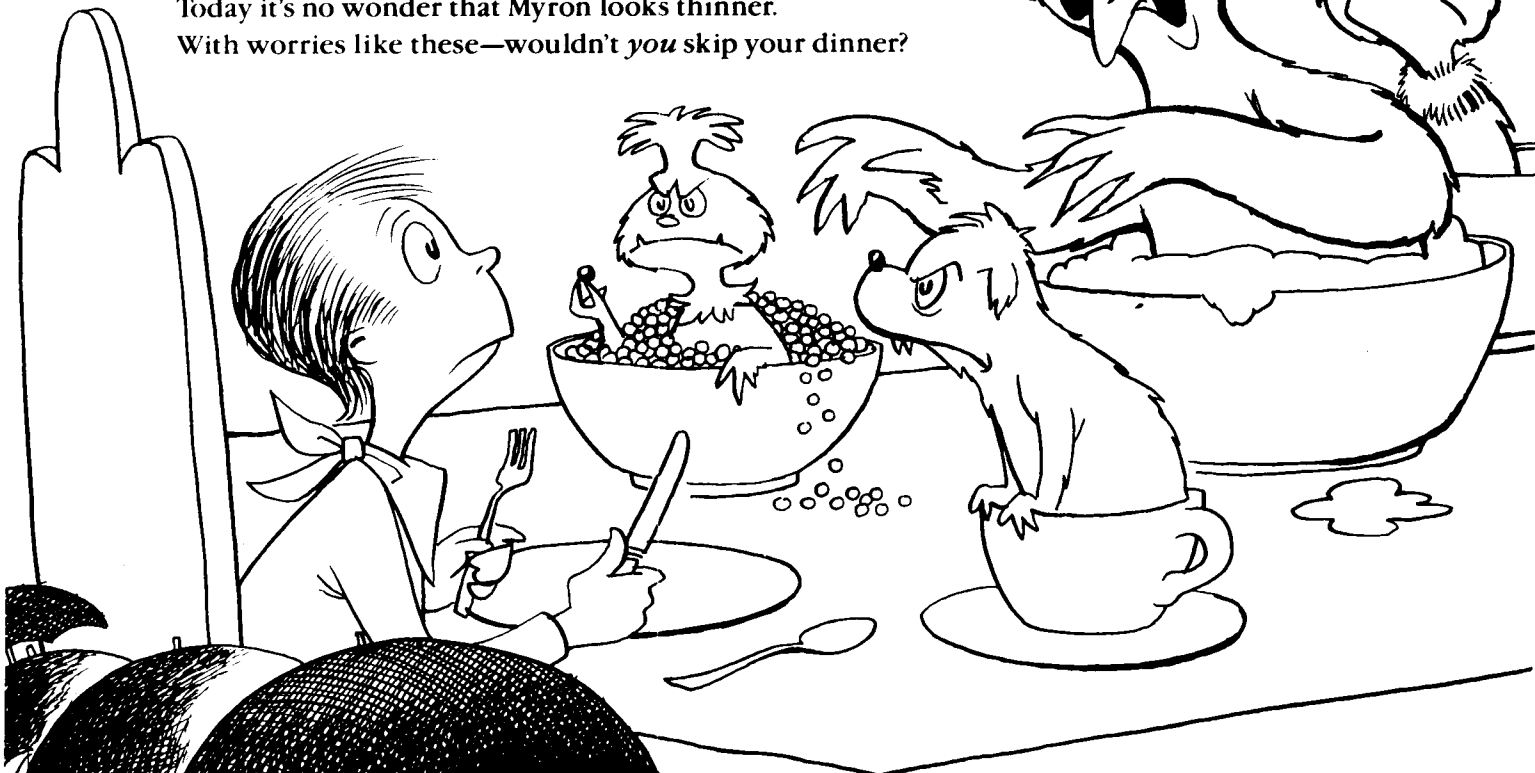
Have you heard of young Benjamin Brilligan Beales
Who wanted to purchase his first set of wheels?
He eyed a used '68 Chevy Deluxe,
But the bank wouldn't loan him the 600 bucks.
Well, Ben really wanted that snaffulous car,
So he sold his Atari and old VCR,
His 53 tapes of The Boss and Madonna,
His album of stamps from Zimbabwe and Ghana,
His autographed pic of Sylvester Stallone,
His seven-speed bike and his Mickey Mouse phone.
When he counted the proceeds, he felt very grand,
Holding 600 bucks in his hot little hand.
Let's hope that young Ben isn't lacking endurance;
He'll need twice as much for the cost of insurance!



At the age of 15, Steven Sedgwick St. Surls,
Loves to spend his free time with available girls.
His buddies agree he's a stud who can make out
With any young lady he's chosen to take out.
Now Steven's an expert on sex and seduction.
He's read tons of books and he's taken instruction.
He's learned what to say when he's turning on chicks.
He's mastered the moves and he knows all the tricks.
He's learned how to fondle and how to caress—
Now all that he needs is a girl who'll say "Yes."



When Myron McGee was a small boy of 3,
 A contented, well-nourished young toddler was he.
 But when he turned 7, he learned folks had died
 From cholesterol, starches and foods that are fried.
 At 10, he was told that caffeine is a killer,
 That salt makes you ill and that fats make you iller.
 At 12, he heard peas cause a dreadful disease
 Like the one people get from raw oysters and cheese,
 Not to mention sclerosis from pork, beef, and lamb,
 And the threat to your kidneys from green eggs and ham!
 Today it's no wonder that Myron looks thinner.
 With worries like these—wouldn't *you* skip your dinner?



Zum-Ziggity-Zokkity-Zillory-Zoun!
 The rock group, Dried Meatball, is coming to town!
 Run lickity-split, 'cause they'll play ev'ry bit
 Of their Top-Forty hit, "When The World Turns To Spit!"
 Samantha Sue Skooper and Robert Ray Ricketts
 Have waited all night for the 20 buck tickets.
 They shiver, they quiver, but never complain
 Though they're chilled to the bone from the cold and the rain.
 More than 17, boring, long hours have passed
 When Samantha Sue shouts, "Hey, they're open at last!"
 They take out their money, so thrilled they could burst—
 And learn that the scalpers have gotten there first!



Stardate 8454: Actually it's Stardate 8763, but Schlock punched me in early so I could collect some overtime pay! I was on vacation, but I've been called back to the Boobyprize because there's an emergency—and I stupidly took the only set of ignition keys with me!

A renegade Vulcan named Crybook has taken three hostages on Numbskull II and we must rescue them!

You just summed up the plot in one sentence in this satire, but in the movie it took you 45 excruciating minutes!

That's because I was directing and getting paid by the minute!

Hold on to your gravity boots! We're blasting off to...



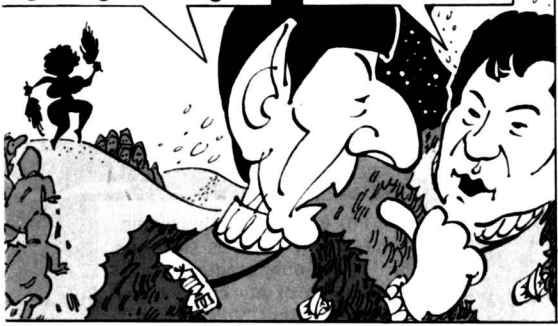
ARTIST: PAUL COKER

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

Stardate 8654, marked down from Stardate 8943: First Officer Schlock reporting for Captain Quirk. We've landed on Numbskull II.

That was a clever plan, Captain, having Ahorror dance naked in the sand! She has captured the attention of all the men who were guarding the hostages!

Unfortunately, she also captured the attention of all the men from the Boobyprize too, so we're on our own!

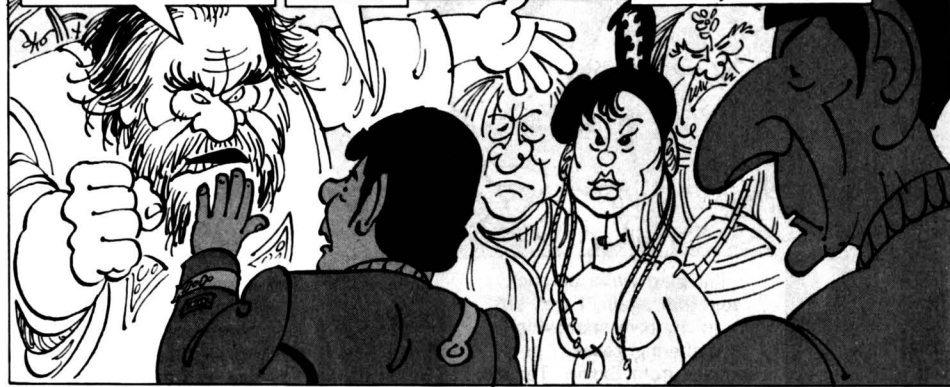


You fell right into my trap, Captain. These hostages are really my friends! We tricked you into bringing the Boobyprize here to Numbskull II!

And now that you've succeeded in luring us here?

You will take us on a perilous journey! To the planet of ShockTherapy at the center of the Great Barricade!

No way! That's too dangerous. "To boldly go where no man has gone before" is just a slogan for our tee shirts! We don't really mean it!



Stardate 8709: Damn! The years go by fast! I still keep writing Stardate 8708! We are on the planet of ShockTherapy! Crybook has this ridiculous notion that this is where God lives!

God, is that you?

No, I'm the Wizard of Oz! Of course I'm God, idiot!

And I say you are a false God!

Okay, so I had a hair transplant, and a nip and tuck here and there! Does that make me false?



Stardate 8808, but I might be a bit slow: The God on SchockTherapy proved to be a false God and we destroyed him. So the question remains: Is there a God? And if there is, would He allow this song to go on for what seems like 18 Vulcan summers?

ROW ROW ROW YOUR BOAT GENTLY DOWN THE STREAM MERRILY MERRILY MERRILY...
ROW ROW ROW YOUR BOAT GENTLY DOWN THE STREAM MERRILY...
ROW ROW ROW YOUR BOAT...





Stardate: 8902.234, or thereabouts. Real date: December, 1991. The S.S. Boobyprize and the box office receipts both go into orbit again with...

STAR BLECCH VI

THE UNINSPIRED CONTINUATION

I haven't been at the helm of the S.S. Boobyprize for many moons, but I can still handle her! Fortunately I had a rental craft just like the Boobyprize while on vacation!

The whole Starship crew is a little longer in the tooth these days, but our minds, they're sharp as a... as a... er, as sharp as an... apple?

This is one of our most important missions ever! We have to make the Kingkongs forget that we were once enemies, and the American public forget that we once made Star Blecch V! That was the most illogical movie I ever made!

Our instructions are to escort Kingkong Chancellor Gerkin to the International Conference on Universal Peace and The Intergalactic Bake-off. For safety, the exact location has not yet been disclosed. We just know it's a Motel 6 somewhere in the Universe! I just hope there's plenty of parking!

I'm glad we're all back together again. I was out in my own spaceship gathering gases. I got samples from Exxon, Texaco, Sunoco, Shell and Hess! Petty cash owes me a fortune!

The engines are ready, Captain! But please, not too much 'warp speed' this trip! I only have three men to shovel coal into the boilers! Not everything on this ship is as up to date as it could be!

I'm a new member of the crew. My name is Delirious. I not only graduated at the top of my class, I was also voted "Vulcan most likely to overhear important conversations"!

I never trusted Kingkongs and I never will! I can't forgive them for killing my son! Oh, Delirious! How long were you outside my room listening to me talk to myself?

Just long enough to hear you set up the sub-plot! I really didn't mean to overhear your conversation!

With those ears I would think it impossible for you not to overhear any conversation!

Chancellor Gerkin! Would you and your party care to dine as guests of the United Federation of Planets?

Will you be serving mashed potatoes?

No, we're serving Stove Top Stuffing!

Then we will definitely be there!

At last we meet, face to face!

Or should we say face to "weird face"!

This is my daughter, Is-a-bore and General Clang, my chief of staff. The others are just Kingkong groupies!

I won't bother to introduce my crew! When you leave you can have back-packs, lunch boxes and place mats with their names and pictures on them!

The universe, Captain Quirk, is just a club for homosapiens!

Wait a minute! Sure we wear tight clothing and wild leather boots, but let's not jump to any conclusions!

Captain Quirk, we did not have to pass through the metal detector when we boarded your ship! Why must we do it now?

We have to check for stolen silverware! Boobyprize forks, spoons and cutlery are worth a fortune on the Trekkie Fan Market!

Oh, you must tell me the name of the beautician who spot welds your hair!

Delirious, I believe I sense neutron radiation!

I'm hot for you too, Schlock!

Ugh! I just felt a torpedo go off!

Holy cow! Talk about your premature trajectories!

Did we just fire at the Chancellor's ship?!

Maybe we did, maybe we didn't! There's a lot going on, Captain! It's hard keeping track of every little thing!

Penal Asteroid Snowjob—our home for the next 1,000 years! Boy, is this place **desolate**!

More desolate than you think, Captain! They don't even have a **Gap**!

No **Gap**?!? Impossible! How do people on this planet make a living?

It ain't easy, pal! Ice cream?

I've never met **anyone** like you! One minute you're an **animal** and the next minute you're a **beautiful woman**!

You should talk! One minute you're the **Captain** and the next you're an **animal**! But I love it! **Cigarette**?

Stardate 9433: Where is the time going! We escaped from the Papier Mâché Mines, but Moody, the female who helped us, not only turned out to be against us, but turned out to look exactly like me!

How did you know **which Quirk** was the real one?

I took a **shot**! I had a **50-50** chance!

I like the idea of two **Quirks**! I can film **Star Blech** and **Rescue 911** at the same time!

Stardate 2001, and a little: We beamed back to the Boobyprize and discovered that Desirous is plotting with Admiral Cartwheel and Clang to assassinate the head of the peace conference!

We must get to the **peace conference** by 980.894! Can we do it, Snotty?

Possibly, but if we hit **one red light**, we'll never make it. **Man the boilers, men!**

Talk about **Warp speed**! In **one panel** we went to the **peace conference**, prevented an **assassination** and came back!

And what did we get for our troubles?

Nothing! **Starfleet** says we should put the **Boobyprize** in **mothballs**!

They didn't say to put the crew in **mothballs**, did they?

No, they said the crew should be put in **Formaldehyde**!

Us retire? Never! Of course, after 25 years, finding new experiences is tough! Schlock, you're **Mister Know-It All**! What lies ahead for us?

Lumbago... Bursitis... Arthritis... Rheumatism... Sounds great! Set course for ...er, I forget!

Alzheimer's Yes! The **Alzheimer's Galaxy**! **Warp Factor Two**!

BREAKING HABITS



That's a good idea!



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTS

ECONOMICS



SCHOOL SPIRIT



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

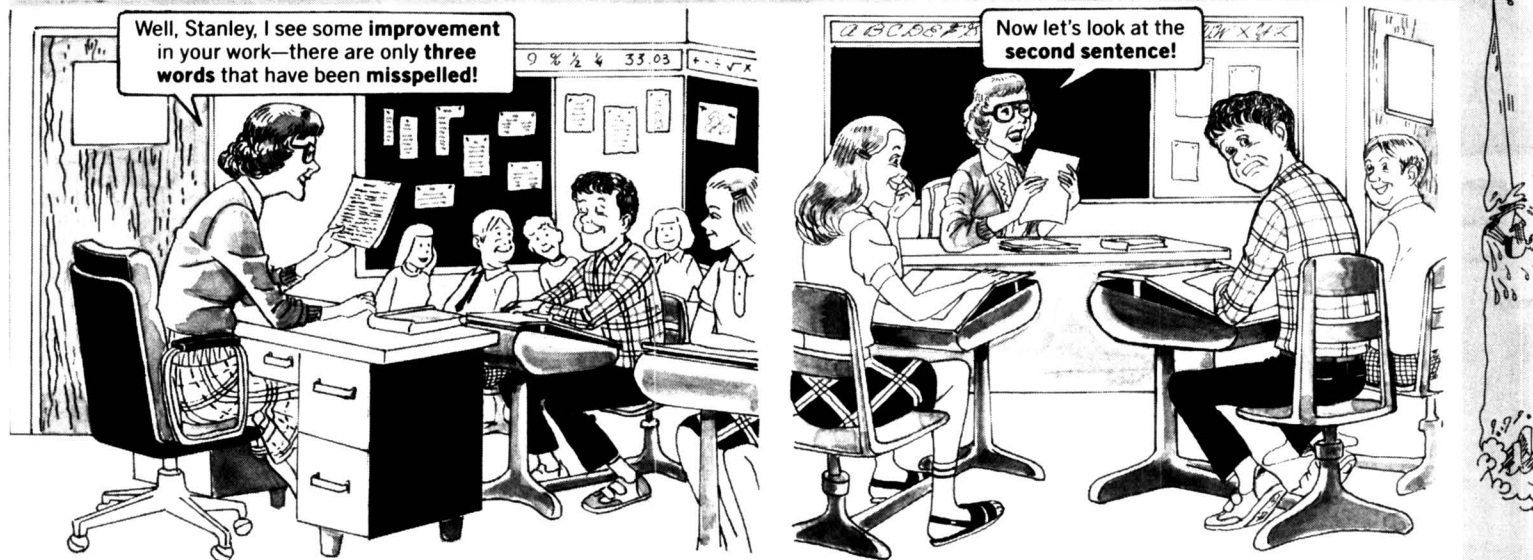
DIVORCE



CRISES



IMPROVEMENT



TRUST





COOKING



CLEANLINESS



GIRL WATCHING



IS EVERYTHING THAT'S "NEW" AND "MODERN" A GIANT STEP FORWARD FOR MANKIND?

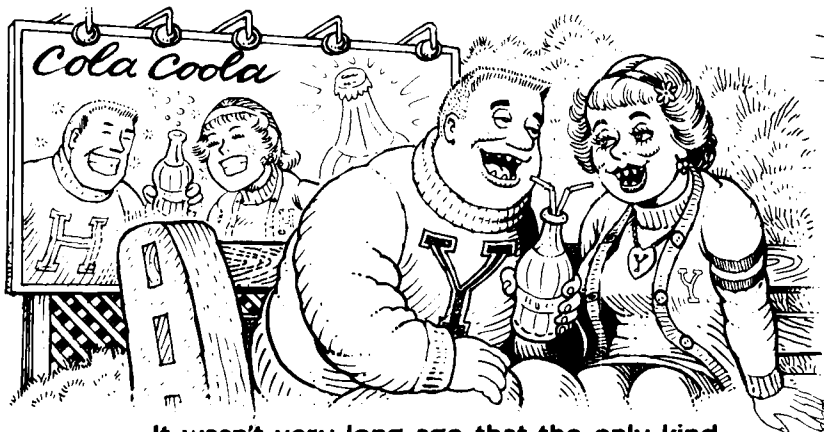
FOLLOW UP REPO

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

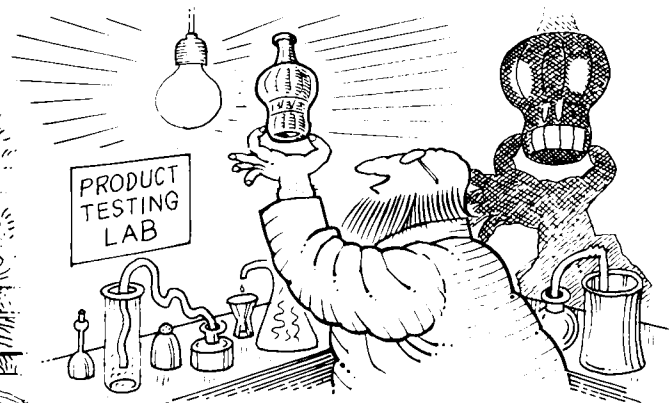


In the old days when you were out and the house was empty, important messages were never communicated.

Now, with the advent of the phone answering machine, messages are always communicated!



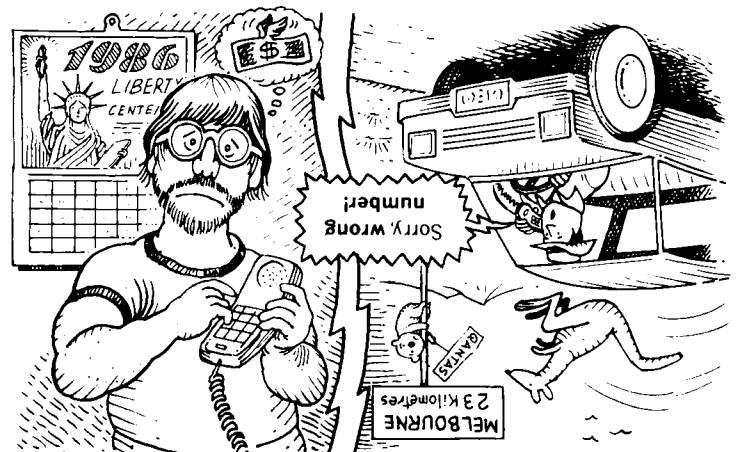
It wasn't very long ago that the only kind of soda you could buy was the kind loaded with sugar that would rot all your teeth.



Today's soda is sugar free! However it does contain nutrasweet, saccharine and other wonderful modern chemicals!



In the old days, you couldn't place a long distance call without the assistance of an operator.

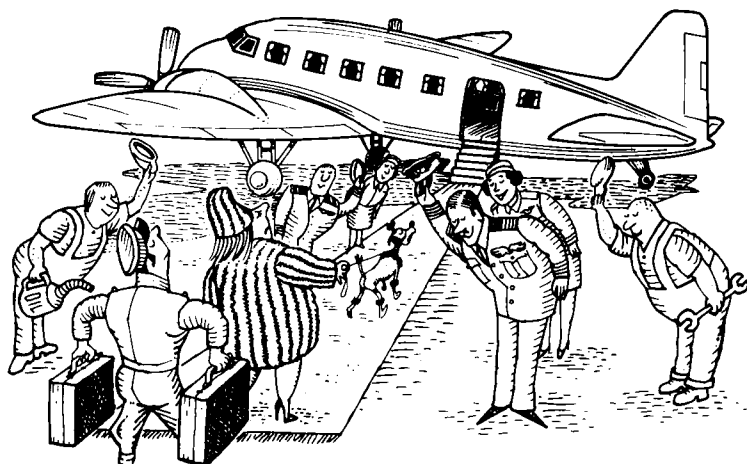


Today, with modern touch tone phone systems, you can call long distance with no assistance at all!

A TINY STEP FORWARD FOR WOMANKIND? YOU BE THE JUDGE AS YOU NOW READ MAD'S

RT ON PROGRESS

WRITER: DICK DeBARTOLO



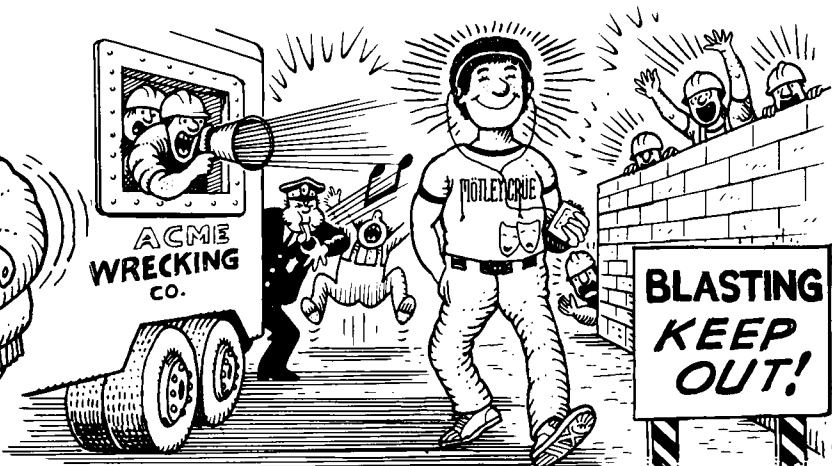
Back in the days of propeller planes, air travel was only for the rich and affluent.



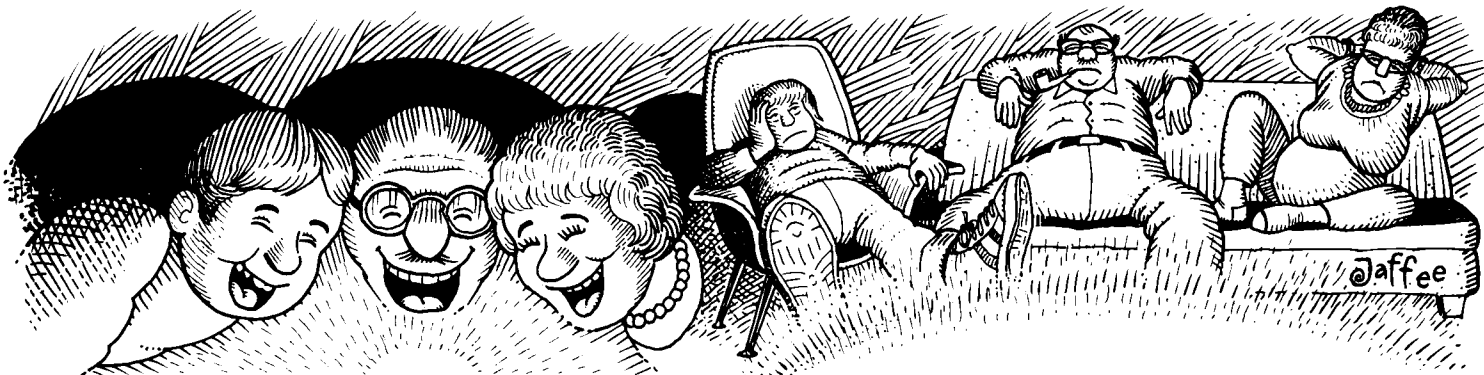
Today, thanks to so many airlines putting so many planes in the sky, air travel is cheap and many more people can afford to fly.



Not long ago, the only portable entertainment you could carry was a small mono radio.



Today, with miniature portable stereo systems with headphones, you can be in a world all your own.



Years ago, entire families gathered around a little four-inch, black and white tv set to watch the great stars of the day—Sid Caesar, Uncle Miltie and Jackie Gleason.

Today, we have 40-inch, full color projection television sets in stereo that families can gather around to watch the great stars of the day—Merv Griffin, Alan Thicke and Ed McMahon.

ABANDON HOPE, ALL YE WHO ENTERPRISE DEPT.

Captain's Log, Stardate 5748! We are highly advanced and living in the 24th Century! War no longer exists in the galaxy! Our ship, the new U.S.S. Boobyprize, is eight times larger, has double the leg-room and gets three times the mileage! Yet, despite our improved special effects and built-in "name appeal," we are not getting boffo reviews! Is it any wonder that we are being called:

**MARS
SAYS NO
TO DRUGS**

I'm Dr. Lovely Cruncher! Thanks to my research, we have wiped out the scourge of **Andromeda Tongue Rot** and **Stellar Fungus**! Now, if we can only wipe out the scourge of **Inter-galactic Blue Cross** and **Blue Shield Forms**!

I'm Security Chief **Tusha Yarp**! I come from a violent and aggressive sector of the universe where life was a constant battle for survival! Hey, it's not easy growing up poor in **Beverly Hills**!

I'm Captain **Jaunt Fluke Retard**! Some say I'm dull, but whatever I lack in leadership, I make up for in good looks! While it's true I usually send Number One on the really dangerous missions, my contribution should not be overlooked—I do one heck of a **Mr. Clean** impression at the annual **Boobyprize Christmas** party!


I'm **Pestly Cruncher**, your average 15-year old scientific wizard and space prodigy! I have an almost perfect brain. It would have been considered **totally perfect**, but I agreed to sign on with this crew!

I'm **Dada**, a highly advanced android! My body can do anything a human body can! I belch, give off body odor and throw up after eating **Romulan food**! Still, the others here regard me as **different**! Maybe that's because I've been programmed with a **personality**!

**WE BRAKE
FOR
MILKY WAYS**

STAR BLEECH

THE NEXT DEGRADATION



I'm Linoleum Wiper! Though I'm second in command, Captain Retard insists on calling me "Number One"! Then again, at breakfast this morning, he ordered a V-9 Vegetable Juice! What can I say? The captain is great at space exploration but lousy with numbers!

I'm Counselor Nirvana Floy. Half human and half alien! I'm into psychic phenomena and ESP, which in my case stands for Extra-Sensual-Proportions! I can't explain it, but I feel things no one else feels, especially in crowded elevators!

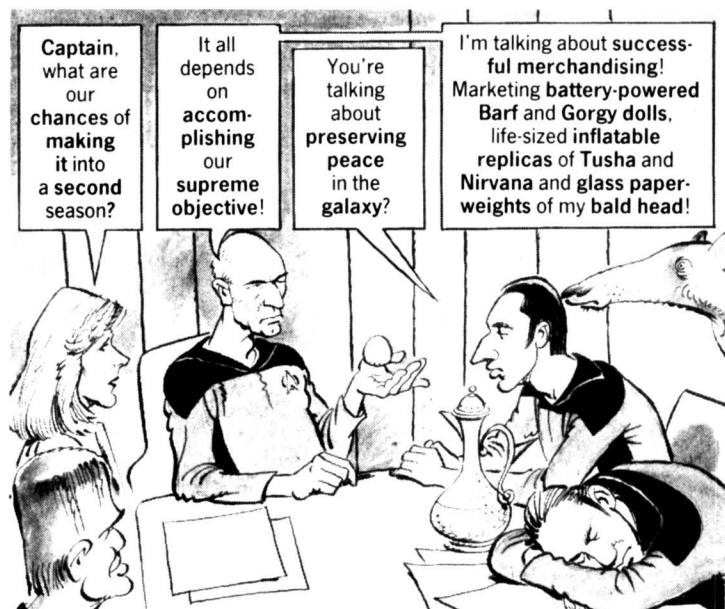
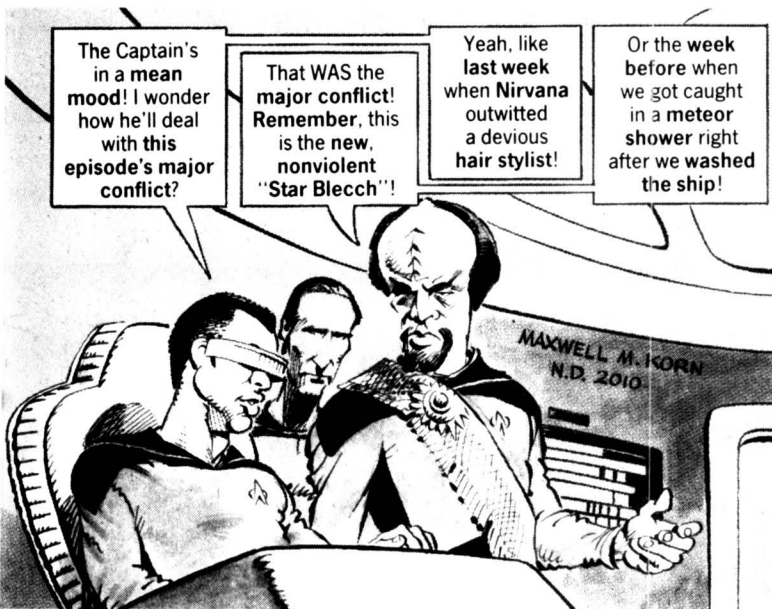
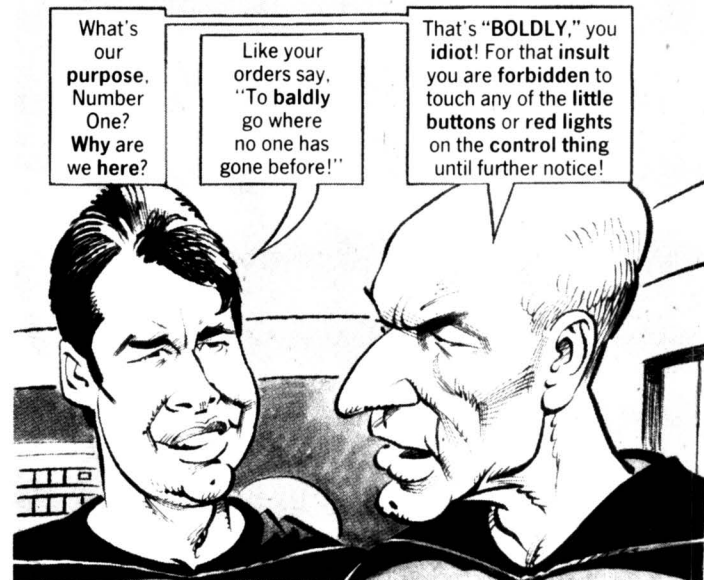
I'm Barf, a Klinton! I may seem unattractive to you, but back home I'm considered a hunk! In the old, war-filled days, I'd have been vicious and merciless, but now I'm a mere toadie taking orders from inferior Earthlings! Boy, give peace a chance and it will bust your chops!

I'm Lt. Gorgy La Farce! This visual aid I'm wearing may make me look like an intergalactic Stevie Wonder, but it lets me detect images that conventional eyes can't see! While the others are looking for space freighters, I'm grooving on X-rated mutant flicks and "Star Wars" videos!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

DRUCKER 77





I'm Khan, and you shall feel my wrath!

Sorry, old chap, but we don't allow wrath anymore! We tolerate snits, tizzys and an occasional grunt of displeasure, but wrath is strictly a no-no!

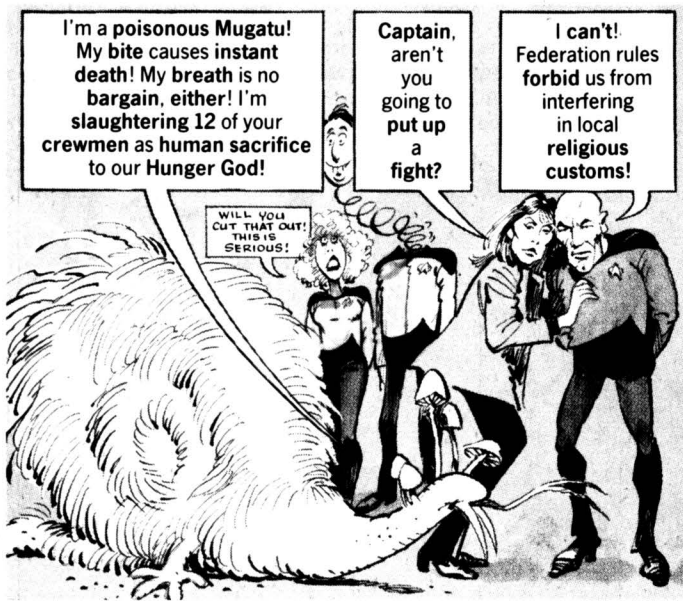


Khan is torturing Nirvana! What shall we do?!

Have our ship's lawyer write him a strong letter!

Isn't that rather drastic?

Yes, but we don't want to look like wimps!



I'm a poisonous Mugatu! My bite causes instant death! My breath is no bargain, either! I'm slaughtering 12 of your crewmen as human sacrifice to our Hunger God!

Captain, aren't you going to put up a fight?

I can't! Federation rules forbid us from interfering in local religious customs!

WILL YOU CUT THAT OUT! THIS IS SERIOUS!



I'm Kor, pride of the Klinkons! What's a soul-brother like you doing in a place like this? Why aren't you out killing and destroying?

The Federation's been good to me! Great salary, one light-year paid vacation, free medical, and I earn triple bonus mileage on all intergalactic missions!

I cannot believe it—a Yuppie Klinkon!



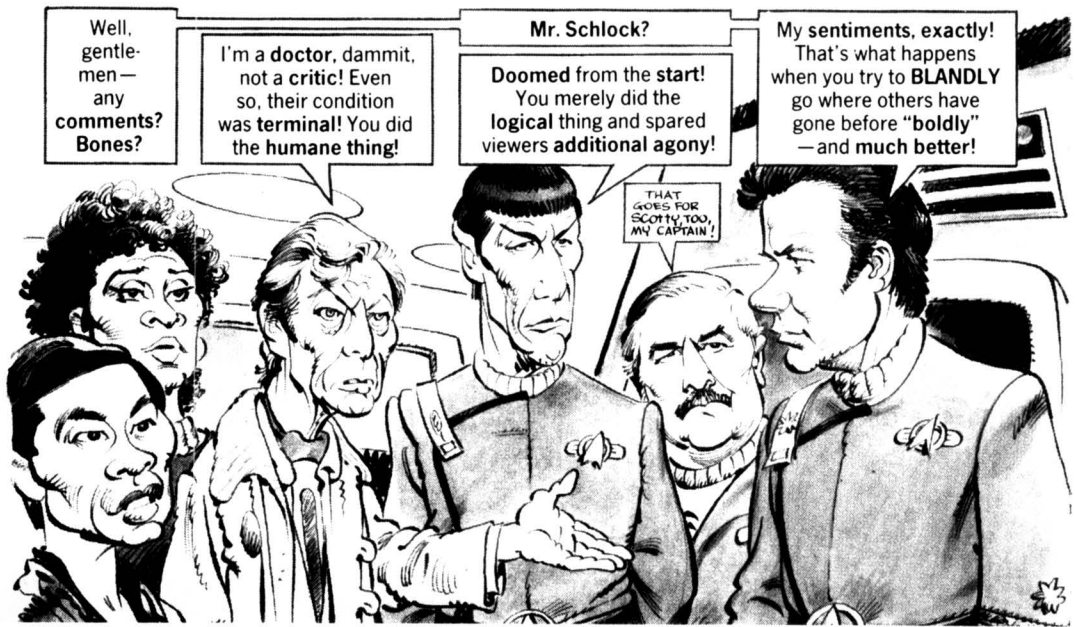
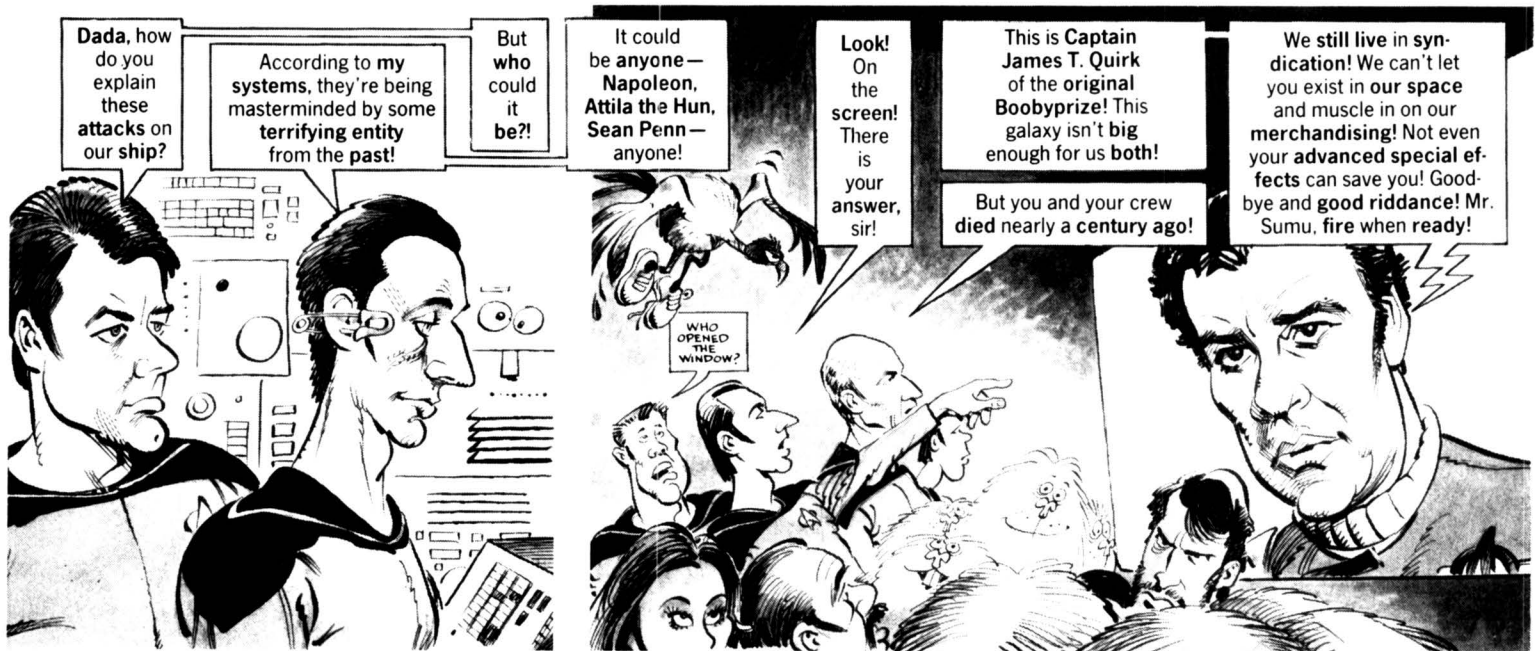
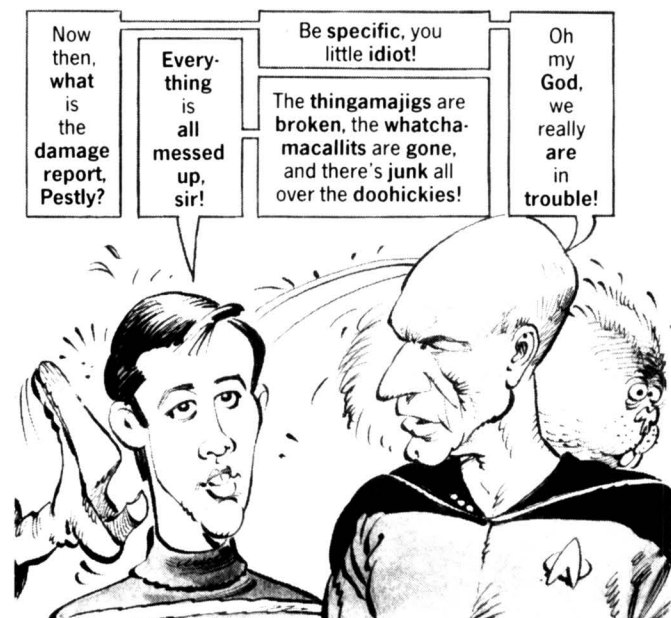
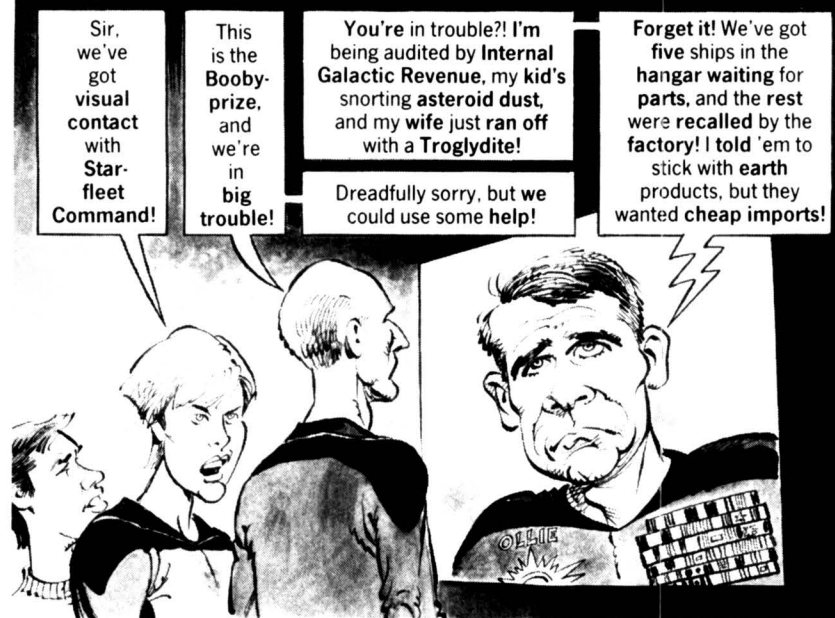
Sir, we've been invaded by Tribbles, and they're multiplying!

Creatures that multiply? See how they do with 354 x 14,526! That should keep them busy!

I mean they're reproducing every few seconds! Soon there'll be millions of them all over the ship! What'll we do?

Have the crew snap into action! Lovely, organize round-the-clock family planning seminars! Dada—have engineering beam up a dozen Dr. Ruth videos! And tell security to set phasers on "spay"!

RIGHT ON, DOC!



**WHERE CAN
YOU FIND THE
MOST DAZZLING,
COLORFUL
WILDLIFE ON
DISPLAY?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

The world's wildlife forms a kaleidoscope of color and design. To find out where you can see the world's most eye boggling examples, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**ANIMALS COME IN MANY COLORS AND DESIGNS. TO GET A
REAL FEEL FOR THIS WE MUST GO WHERE ANIMALS FLOCK
IN GREAT NUMBERS. ONLY IN SUCH LARGE
CONCENTRATIONS WE CAN SEE NATURE'S VIVID WORKS OF ART.**

**WRITER AND ARTIST:
AL JAFFEE**

A▶

◀B

FREE CAR WINDOW BONUS!*



*CAR NOT INCLUDED.